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No. 1810.

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THE author of the work before us, now called to the bar, was, we believe, for many years a solicitor of high standing in the metropolis. He had the good fortune to acquire the means of quitting the practice of his profession in middle life, while his literary energies were in full vigour. In this good fortune the public have also reason to rejoice, since so far from depriving them of his services, it has enabled him to employ those energies zealously for their benefit. Mr. Foss has, in many ways, contributed to the improvement and advancement of the legal profession, and his literary pursuits, it will be seen, are still incidentally connected with it. These two new volumes, the third and fourth, of his laborious undertaking contain notices of four hundred and seventy-three judges, with surveys of the reigns during which they flourished, carrying the history up to the year 1845. A subject of such interest and importance, handled with masterly judgment and acuteness, cannot fail to constitute a valuable work. It will be valuable to the descendants of those great men whose virtues and whose talents it commemorates,—valuable to those who are treading the same path, and hope to reach the same goal, in enabling them to trace the careers of bye-gone judges and chancellors—incalculably valuable to the student, as containing in itself the pith of the old legal documents. It is a work demanding great labour and research, and Mr. Foss deserves infinite credit for the industry and perseverance of his investigations, and for his judicious use of the materials at hand. He is evidently in love with his subject, and is unsparing in the attention he has bestowed upon it. His surveys are clear and simple—his biographical sketches short and concise. They are not encumbered with doubtful and uninteresting detail; nor is there any attempt to fill up the hiatus which necessarily often occurs in the evidence by useless hypothesis and wearisome argument. The facts brought forward are strongly substantiated, and where the ancient records are silent, Mr. Foss has the good sense to be silent too.

The third volume opens with a survey of the reign of Edward I., the 'English Justinian,' a monarch who has perhaps contributed more than any other to the amendment and firm establishment of our laws. Nothing could be worse than the state in which he found the legal administration of the country. The civil wars and lax discipline of the preceding reign had produced disorders, which it required all his firmness and sagacity to overrule. Corruption and venality were common crimes,—so common as almost to lose the name of crimes—a court of justice was literally a 'den of thieves,' and Edward determined to make a startling example of royal indignation. On his return from France he was met on all sides with complaints of corrupt judges and illegal decisions. His temper was arbitrary, and, on occasions, severe. His measures were prompt and decided. Out of all the members of the judicial bench but two were found whose hands were pure; the rest were dismissed

and disgraced. Their offences were inquired into, but the inquiry was not parliamentary, and no record is extant of the particulars. It is probable that bribery and false judgment were the principal charges against them. Their dishonest practices strike us forcibly when viewed in contrast with the high honour and spotless integrity which distinguish the eminent men who now fill their places, but some allowance must be made for the age in which they lived. Mr. Foss hazards an apology for their guilt in the smallness of their stipends, which, he tells us, were quite inadequate to their support; and if the deficiency were to be made up in fees, he considers it not surprising that the desire to increase them should sometimes overcome their virtue. In the reign of Henry IV. a law was passed for the punishment of any judge who received gifts beyond the king's fee. The crime of Thomas de Weyland, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was of even a graver nature, and is entered upon with more minuteness. He was accused of inciting his servants to murder, and afterwards sheltering them from punishment. He escaped from custody, and took refuge, disguised as a novice, with the Friars Minor of St. Edmonsbury. For forty days, according to law, the sanctuary was respected. Then the introduction of provisions was forbidden. The friars were not proof against the prohibition; they soon retired, and the fallen judge surrendered. He had the option given him either to stand his trial, to be imprisoned for life, or to abjure the realm. He availed himself of the last alternative, to which he was entitled by virtue of his sanctuary. The ceremony consisted of his walking barefoot and bareheaded, holding a crucifix, from his prison to the sea-shore, and being placed in the vessel provided for his transportation. His property fell to the Crown. The fine imposed at this time upon Ralph de Hengham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, is said to have been used to build a clock-house at Westminster, and furnish it with a clock, to be heard in Westminster Hall. Some writers question the probability of this on the ground that clocks were not then in common use,—but that they were invented is quite certain. A contemporary entry of expenses shows that one, costing thirty pounds, was put up in Canterbury Cathedral in 1292. There is no actual evidence that the great clock within the palace of Westminster was erected at this time, but its existence in 1370 is clearly proved, by the entry, in the roll of that period, of sixpence a day for the payment of one John Nicole 'for the custody thereof.'

It was in the reign of Edward II. that the Chancellor first held his sittings in Westminster Hall, and the commencement of the peculiar jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery may be dated from this period. In this reign also occurred the precedent under which the Lord Chancellor now claims, as his perquisite, the fragments of the broken seal when a new one is substituted:—

"On June 4th, 1320, the king, 'in his green chamber of the Palace of Westminster,' caused two small seals to be brought before him, viz., one of the time of his father of blessed memory, which was used in England when his father was in Flanders, and the other which was used in England, when the present king was in France, and there caused the small seal of his father's time to be broken, and delivered the pieces, '*pecias argenti*,' to the Chancellor, '*tanquam feudum ipsius Cancellarii*.'"

The curious question which arose out of this

custom, on the accession of William IV., is mentioned by Lord Campbell in a note to his Introduction to the 'Lives of the Chancellors,' where he records that an amicable dispute on the subject took place between two of the most eminent men who ever held the office. Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor when the order was given that a new Great Seal should be made; but when it was finished, and the order was given for using it, Lord Brougham was Chancellor. Each, therefore, claimed the old one; Lord Lyndhurst contending that the date of the first order was the time to be referred to—Lord Brougham, that the moment in which it ceased to be used was the moment in which it passed to the then Chancellor. The matter was laid before His Majesty, who, with great judgment, ordered the seal to be divided between the two noble claimants. It consisted of two parts, for making an impression on both sides of the wax appended to letters patent. One represented the King on his throne—the other on horseback. His Majesty ordered each part to be set in a magnificent silver salver, and presented them respectively to the late and present Chancellor.

Mr. Foss traces in these volumes the institution of the several Inns of Court and Chancery. There is no actual proof that, with the exception of two, they were established as schools for the study of the law in the reign of Edward III., as is commonly supposed. Tradition asserts their existence boldly, but it is tradition unsupported by any sort of testimony. The earliest mention of them is by Fortescue. He wrote between the years of 1460 and 1470; and although he speaks in terms of high eulogy of "ten lesser inns, sometimes more, called Inns of Chancery, and four greater, called Inns of Court," he is quite silent as to their histories and names. They seem to have been schools for general instruction as well as for law studies. Fortescue mentions that "there is both in the Inns of Court and the Inns of Chancery a sort of academy or gymnasium, fit for persons of their station, where they learn singing and all kinds of music, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions as are suitable to their quality, and such as are usually practised at Court." In Term time, we are told the students attended at the Courts at Westminster "in great numbers, as it were to public schools, and are there instructed in all kinds of law learning, and in the practice of the Courts." "Out of Term, the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law; upon festival days and after the offices of the church are over, they employ themselves to the study of sacred and profane history. Here everything which is good and virtuous is to be learnt. All vice is discouraged and banished." Fortescue then remarks that "knights, barons, and the greatest nobility of the kingdom, often place their children in those Inns of Court, not so much to make the laws their study, but to form their manners and preserve them from the contagion of vice;" and his statement of the number of students, which would seem to reach near two thousand, tends to show that this must have been a common practice. A long and very interesting account of the four greater courts, which it would exceed our limits to enter upon, is given in the 'Survey of the Reign of Henry VI.' There is no doubt that the 'four greater inns' to which Fortescue refers are Lincoln's Inn, the two Temples, and Gray's Inn; but it is impossible to decide exactly at

what period, during the interval that elapsed between Edward's accession and the writings of this author, they passed from private hands into the possession of the students of the law:

"It must not be imagined," says Mr. Foss, "that the French word *hostel*, nor the English word *inn*, nor the Latin word *hospitium*, was confined in its meaning to a place where the study of the law was pursued. Its simple signification was the mansion or residence of an individual or family, and in that sense the word was used at that time in each language, both in common parlance, and in the records of the country. In France, we find the same meaning still attached to the word, and in most of the English inns of Court and Chancery the name of the family to whom they belonged is still perpetuated, as Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, Clifford's Inn, Thavies' Inn, Furnival's Inn, Barnard's Inn."

Clifford's Inn and Thavies' Inn are the only two of the existence of which, in this reign, there is documentary evidence. Of Clement's Inn, Mr. Foss says:—

"If we were to accept Shakspeare as an historical authority, we should be bound to place Clement's Inn also as a receptacle for students of the law in the reign of Edward III. In the second part of the play of *Henry IV.*, Justice Shallow says—

"I was once of Clement's Inn; where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet;"

and *Cousin Silence* afterwards reminds him—

"That's fifty-five year ago."

This would fix the period in Edward's reign, but as we have no other evidence of the fact, we can only receive the bard's description of the 'mad days' of the 'swinge-bucklers' and the 'bona robas,' and his allusion to 'Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,' as pictures of his own age, illustrating the practices and manners which he himself had witnessed among the young students.

Of this there can be no manner of doubt. Shakspeare, the first of poets, was no historian. When dramatic effect and historical accuracy are at variance, he frequently sacrifices the latter. Mr. Foss has occasion more than once to combat the delusion cherished by some enthusiastic admirers of the poet on this point. Every one is familiar with the speech of *Henry V.*, in which he re-invests *Sir William Gascoigne* with the 'balance and the sword' in those noble lines—

"You did commit me,
For which I do commit into your hands
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions."

These good intentions fall to the ground before the sober investigations of Mr. Foss. We can see nothing very magnanimous even had Henry retained in office so valuable a servant, but that he did not do so is most conclusively proved. The patent of *Sir William Hankford*, as Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, is dated March 29, 1413, eight days after the accession of Henry V., and he continued in his post throughout the reign. Mr. Foss remarks with much justice:—

"The peculiar period chosen for this act, and its precipitancy, in contrast with the delay in issuing the new patents to the other judges, seem strongly to show that it resulted from the king's peremptory mandate, rather than Gascoigne's personal choice; and consequently to raise a suspicion that the indignity he had laid upon the prince was not 'washed in Lethe, and forgotten' by the King."

Lord Campbell has Shakspeare's error without Shakspeare's excuse. He asserts positively that *Sir William Gascoigne* filled the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench

under Henry V. He is certainly named by the title of 'Chief Justice of our Lord the King,' in the summons to Parliament the day after the accession, before there was time to supersede him, but we have shown how quickly Mr. Foss proves him to have been displaced. This is one of several blunders committed by Lord Campbell and corrected by Mr. Foss.

In the *Life of Sir Thomas Billing*, Mr. Foss dwells at some length on the injustice of the character ascribed to him by Lord Campbell, and disproves very successfully some of the charges against him. The notice is too long to be entered on here in all its particulars. One specimen of the inaccuracy of his Lordship's statements respecting him will suffice:—

"Lord Campbell, quoting from 'Baker's Chronicle' and Hale's 'Pleas of the Crown,' mentions Billing as the judge who tried Walter Walker for saying he would make his son 'heir to the Crown,' meaning his inn so called; and he gives the judge's ruling of the case, with the conviction and execution of the unfortunate prisoner. It is curious, however, that his lordship, when, five pages before, he cites Sir Nicholas Throgmorton's address to Chief Justice Bromley, omits there the Chief Justice's answer, referring to this very 'Crown' case, though he does not name the prisoner; by which it appears that Markham was the judge, and an acquittal was the consequence of his honest ruling. One would have thought that if Throgmorton's testimony in favour of Markham were to be received, Bromley's acquiescence founded on that trial would be equally good; the more especially as Bromley lived a hundred years nearer the period than Hale. But if this omission is curious, what will our readers think when it turns out that neither Baker nor Hale state the case as occurring in Billing's time; and further, that Stow (p. 415) gives the precise date of Walker's trial, viz., March 12, 1460, more than four years before Billing was on the bench; adding, that the charge against him was for words spoken of the title of King Edward when he was proclaimed, and Fabyan (p. 639) confirms him in the date."

With every respect for Lord Campbell's erudition, and gratitude for his valuable labours in the cause of historical literature, we deem it essential to point out these careless blunders, for such we must certainly hold them to be. A little more of the diligence and patience which Mr. Foss's book displays throughout, would have been of great advantage to the pages of the Chief Justice. It is really too bad, by this reckless adoption of an old tradition, to take away the life of poor Walter Walker, and the character of respectable Judge Billing, and to throw a deep stain on the administration of our law. We trust that in the next edition of Lord Campbell's work, having been thus arraigned, he will, either in his character of accused, confess and make full reparation for his offence, or that, as Chief Justice, he will execute upright judgment on himself.

We confess, however, our obligation to Mr. Foss for relieving our minds on the subject of this case, which, from childhood, always appeared to us to have been one of the hardest in the whole history of England. We trust the honest vintner did, in truth, hand down the 'Crown' to his son and his son's son.

A curious and highly improbable account of the death of *Sir William Hankford* is given by his biographers:—

"He is stated to have become weary of his life; and, with an intention of getting rid of it, to have given strict orders to his keeper to shoot any person found at night in his park, who would not stand when challenged; and then to have thrown himself in the keeper's way, and to have been shot dead,

in pursuance of his own commands. The cause of this suicidal conduct is represented to have been his 'direful apprehensions of dangerous coming evils,' which could only have arisen from a diseased imagination, as there was nothing at that time in the political horizon to portend the disasters of thirty years' distance. Holinshed introduces this event as happening in 1470, 10 Edward IV., very nearly fifty years after the death of the Chief Justice. The story, however, was long believed in the neighbourhood of his seat at Annery, in Monkleigh; and an old oak bearing his name was shown in the park, where it was said he had fallen. He was interred in the church of Monkleigh, where a monumental brass, of which there are now no remains, represented him kneeling in his robes."

Mr. Foss attempts to dispel, in some degree, the unfavourable impression gathered from Shakspeare's delineation of Cardinal Beaufort. He admits him to have been 'evidently fond of money, ambitious of power, jealous of rivalry, and more attentive to his political than his episcopal duties,' thus confirming Salisbury's description—

"Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-wealth."

"But," continues Mr. Foss, "looking at the public evidences that are still extant, not excluding the multiplied charges with which the duke perpetually assailed him, there is little that can affect his character as a man anxious at once to serve his sovereign and to promote his country's welfare. The popular voice had been strongly in his favour; and when we recollect that during his ministerial career, France was both won and lost to England, we cannot wonder that the prejudice excited against him towards the close of his life, from the supposition, whether well or ill-founded, that the national disasters had arisen from his counsels, should extinguish the memory of his former praises, and that, being the last popular impression of his character, it should alone survive him, and form a tradition sufficiently recognised to warrant its introduction into a dramatic representation."

The truth of the well-known and most striking scene of the Cardinal's death, of the 'black despair' that filled his bosom, the 'busy meddling fiend' 'that laid strong siege unto his soul,' Mr. Foss would overthrow, on the ground that 'the pious codicil he made to his will four days before his death is a sufficient contradiction of the allegation that he died in despair.' Without wishing to adopt Shakspeare as an historical authority, we cannot agree with Mr. Foss on the strength of this refutation. A few pious words would not counteract the remorse of an evil life.

Fuller says, in his 'Worthies of Cornwall,' "there passeth a pleasant tradition in this county, how there standeth a man of great strength and stature, with a black bill in his hand, at Polstonbridge (the first entrance into Cornwall, as you pass towards Launceston, where the assizes are holden), ready to knock down all the lawyers that should offer to plant themselves in that county;" and he adds, 'in earnest,' that few of that profession have there come to any eminence. Mr. Foss gives a sketch of Robert Tresillian, a Cornishman, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the time of Richard II., who, if taken as a specimen of the lawyers of the county, gives us no reason to regret their scarcity. He came into office during the insurrection of Wat Tyler, and entered at once on the punishment of the rebels. It was an occupation exactly suited to his taste. He accompanied the King to St. Albans, where he adopted a somewhat novel form of trial:—

"He forced one jury of twelve to present the ringleaders, according to a list previously prepared;

a second jury was next empanelled, who confirmed the finding of the first; and then the same course was adopted with a third jury. No witnesses appear to have been examined, but every party charged was condemned on the personal knowledge of these thirty-six men. The executions here and in other counties are described as being most numerous; and Tresillian's cruelty as having had no parallel till the campaign of Judge Jefferies, three centuries afterwards. Knighton, a contemporary chronicler, states, that whoever was accused before him, whether guilty or innocent, was sure to be condemned; and other writers have extended the number to fifteen hundred."

His own turn came before many years had passed. He was the associate of Robert de Vere and Chancellor de la Pole—the partner of their crimes and of their punishment. According to Froissart, he was beheaded, and afterwards hanged upon a gibbet; but the Parliament Roll states that he was drawn from the Tower through the city, and hanged at Tyburn.

Of course, many of the biographies, dating from so early a period, can involve nothing but an accumulation of dates. Little is known of the personal history of the individuals to whom they relate, and but slight credence can be given to the traditions that have descended to us. How wholly devoid of truth they are, in some instances, will be seen by the following account of Sir John Hody, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Henry VI.:

"Prince relates a tradition, that when his son Thomas was tried before him at the assizes, and found guilty of a capital crime, he with his own mouth pronounced sentence of death upon him. How this tradition originated it would be useless to inquire, but that it is untrue there can be no question; for his eldest son, John, could not have been more than six or seven years old at his father's death; and Thomas, who was his third son, must of course have been still younger, and incapable therefore of committing a capital offence."

As Mr. Foss very justly remarks, the refutation of the tale will not detract from the worth of the Chief Justice; 'for in these days we have scarce virtue enough to admire so unnatural an exhibition of stoicism that might so easily have been avoided.' There is, indeed, little cause for admiration in the superfluous zeal which is exercised at the expense of all the best and tenderest feelings of human nature. We find that

"A more creditable as well as more honourable testimony to the merits of Sir John is given by Sir Edward Coke, who mentions him amongst the 'famous and expert sages of the law,' from whom Lyttelton had great furtherance in composing his 'Institutes of the Laws of England.'"

Mr. Foss speaks warmly of the 'learning and impartiality' of the famous Lord Lyttelton, adding—

"His name is still sacred in Westminster Hall; and his celebrated work, 'The Treatise on Tenures,' which Coke describes as 'the most perfect and absolute work that ever was written on any human science,' and for which Camden asserts, that 'the students of the common law are no less beholden, than the civilians are to Justinian's 'Institutes,' will ever prevent its being forgotten. The treatise itself is, however, now seldom read without the valuable 'Commentary' of Sir Edward Coke, a production which, as no one would dare to enter the legal arena without fully digesting, has been illustrated successfully by the eminent names of Hale, Nottingham, Hargrave, and Butler."

The most curious incident connected with the law in the reign of Edward IV. was the existence of two Chancellors acting at the same time for many weeks, both recognised by royal authority. On the strength of this

precedent, Mr. Foss throws out the suggestion:—

"In the question which at present perplexes lawyers as well as Ministers of State, as to the most expedient division of the laborious duties now devolving on the keepers of the Seal, who can tell whether this discovery of an ancient authority may not suggest the division of the title between two possessors, in the same manner that two chief justices were formerly substituted for one chief justiciary?"

Space will allow of but one more extract. We quote from the concluding paragraph of the Introduction, where Mr. Foss says:—

"My next volumes will embrace a period so far advanced that many of the families of the judges who lived in it are still flourishing. From the representations of several of these I have received, and from others have been promised, the most liberal assistance; and as I have now given proof of my perseverance, I trust that all of those who bear a judge's name, or pride themselves in being connected with a judge's family, will honour my pages by allowing me to record what they know of their ancestors' career. Let them not refrain from any apprehension that they have but little to communicate. The minutest fact often becomes important in an inquiry, and sometimes supplies the very link in the chain of circumstances that is wanting to complete the history."

All possible assistance is due to Mr. Foss in return for the patient research of which the volumes before us are the result. Their importance can hardly be overrated. In the present stage of the work the scene is laid in times too remote to attract general interest. It is a book eminently useful to the antiquarian and to the historian. Its interest will, however, gather strength as it approaches our own days, and it is with genuine pleasure that we look forward to the time when its pages will be enriched with the names of Bacon and of Clarendon, of Eldon and of Erskine.

The Lily and the Bee: an Apologue of the Crystal Palace. By Samuel Warren, F.R.S. Blackwood.

A NEW work on the Crystal Palace, by the author of 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' was an announcement of some note in the literary world, especially in this dullest season of the publishing year. We looked for the book with much interest, curiosity being heightened by the quaintness of the title. That title conveys no idea of the contents of the volume, "the message of the Lily," and "the lesson of the Bee," forming only brief episodes, although beautiful and impressive ones, in the general treatment of the subject. Mr. Warren has done what few writers of the present day would have ventured to attempt, few certainly with equal success—viz., "to record the general impressions on his mind and heart, from the transcendent and profoundly instructive spectacle of the Great Exhibition of 1851." So vast and so various are the thoughts which fill the mind of every intelligent visitor of the Crystal Palace, that it seems a hopeless task to endeavour to convey to others in words our own mental impressions. To be asked in conversation to do so, has from the first been felt to be a vain and troublesome question. Much indeed has been said and written on the subject, and, among the various results and influences of the Exhibition, its immediate effects upon the literature of the time are not to be overlooked. Never before did scene or event in this world's history bring so many tongues and pens into busy and simultaneous activity.

At home and abroad, ever since the project was mooted, newspapers and periodicals have overflowed with themes derived from this exhaustless source. Besides the narrative and descriptive details, presented in the various Reports, and Catalogues, and Guide Books, separate treatises have appeared in connexion with certain departments or with special objects. Men of all occupations, and every turn of mind, men of work and of speculation, men of letters and of science, politicians and philanthropists also, have been writing on those points that bear on their peculiar studies or aims. But to give any comprehensive and general idea of the World's Show, in its objects, its appearances, its results, is an attempt from which all our writers of name have as yet shrunk:—

"Who," says our author, "can describe that astounding spectacle? Lost in sense of what it is, who can think what it is like? Philosopher and poet are alike agitated—silent. Gaze whithersoever they may, all is marvellous and affecting, stirring new thoughts and emotions, and awakening oldest memories and associations—past, present, and future, linked together mystically, each imagining the other, kindling faint suggestion with sudden startle!"

Altogether in the spirit and in the style indicated by the foregoing passage, Mr. Warren has written his book. Intelligent wonder warming frequently into reverent worship—present objects calling up rich trains of historic associations—lofty thoughts and generous feelings—graphic and glowing descriptions—these characteristics we find,—but we must add, that the ideas sometimes become dimly mystical, the diction at the same time soaring into rhapsody, so that what we read does only, to use the author's own expression, "kindle faint suggestion with sudden startle." Much allowance we make, however, for the vastness and difficulty of the subject, admitting often only of detached and fragmentary descriptions, part of the volume appearing as if no attempt had been made to shape or to connect the trains of thought, but simply to record them as they passed in crowd through the mind. This way of thinking aloud, and writing in broken utterances, is seldom tolerable in any writer, but we object less to it in the present instance, the topics being such as we feel disposed as much to meditate upon as to read about. The style, moreover, is professedly in great measure in imitation of a poem of King Alfred, a fragment of which is quoted, and in reference to which it is said in the preface, that "much of what follows it has been humbly attempted to fashion on that exquisite model." In estimating the success of the author, this use of a style not natural to him will be taken into account. The following extracts, taken from those parts of the volume most deserving either of praise or of censure, will furnish fair ground for critical judgment of its merits:—

"DAY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE."

"There was music echoing through the transparent fabric. Fragrant flowers and graceful shrubs were blooming and exhaling sweet odours. Fountains were flashing and sparkling in the subdued sunlight; in living sculpture were suddenly seen the grand, the grotesque, the terrible, the beautiful objects of every form and colour imaginable, far as the eye could reach, were dazzlingly intermingled, and there were present sixty thousand sons and daughters of Adam, passing and re-passing ceaselessly, bewildered, charmingly; gliding amidst ban-

* "At three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, 15th July, there were present in the Crystal Palace sixty-one thousand six hundred and forty persons."

nered nations—through country after country renowned in ancient name and great in modern; civilized and savage. From the far East and West, misty in distance, faintly echoed martial music, or the solemn anthem! The soul was approached through its highest senses, flooded with excitement, all its faculties were appealed to at once, and it sank, for a while exhausted, overwhelmed."

Guided by an Unseen Spirit, and instructed by an inward Voice, ideal journeys are made by the writer through the Crystal Palace, first by day, then by night:—

"Yonder comes the Queen! not hideous shot nor shell tears open a crimson path, but one is melting before her, melting with love and loyalty. All unguarded! No nodding plume, nor gleaming sabre, to startle or appal; she is moving amidst myriads—silent myriads; unheard by her, but not unfelt, their thoughts fondly flowing while she passes by. O, all from foreign lands, uncovered be awhile; behold a solemn sight—a nation's heart in prayer; and hear their prayer—God save the Queen! And God save thee, too, wise and pious Prince! Well may thine eye look round well pleased, and with a modest dignity, on a scene designed by thee; sprung into being under thy princely fostering; an enterprise right royal, nobler far than ever Prince before accomplished; all bloody feats of war eclipsed—by this of peace, all-potent peace. O glorious war to wage, Science and Truth, with Error, Ignorance, and Prejudice. And thou here, too, young Prince, their first-born son; thou hope of England; future king; God bless thee, Prince, God grant thee many many years wherein to learn by bright example how to wear a crown and sway a sceptre. * * *

"Where is the Queen? IN SPAIN! and yet within her own dominions! She is standing on the dizzy height of Gibraltar, impregnable, tremendous, and tranquilly surveying the kingdoms of two sister queens, in East and West; herself on British ground, won by British valour, and so retained, and guarded. There does she muse of Tubal's progeny. Of dynasties long passed away—Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman sway; of Vandal, Goth, and Saracen; Crescent and Cross. Sees she the passes where glittered the standards of Charlemagne, and echo in her ears the bugles of Roncesvalle. Thinks she of mighty ones gone by—all, all but one; of Hannibal, of Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, Napoleon, her own Wellington—and sadly looks on hill, and vale, and stream crimsoned with Spanish, French, and British blood; sees she myriad bayonets bustling everywhere, and flashing sabres; and hears the deadly volley rolling, and the thunder of artillery—Vimeira! Torres Vedras! Corunna! Talavera! Salamanca! Vittoria! Trafalgar!"

The idea is good of the royal progress through the nations, the great points of historic interest being briefly sketched; but part of this is poorly executed, as, for instance, where nothing is said by the Queen concerning Holland, but that from it came "a Prince, great, glorious, of immortal memory," and that "there is a New Holland—a fifth continent in a distant ocean, fourteen thousand miles away, ruled by her sceptre." Sweden, also, is named with two or three other states, without one word of comment:—

"Lingering in SAXONY! telling of Luther to her son; methinks she sees the giant spirit standing defiant, before Imperial Diet, scornfully burning Papal Bull; kindling the flame which man shall never quench—protected by a Prince potent and pious—as Wickliffe was by her own royal ancestor of Lancaster! And then she points her son, in proud silence, to his father's home, ancient, illustrious, and firm in faith."

Under the several countries, Mr. Warren takes opportunity of throwing out hints expressive of his own feelings on such matters as papal darkness, continental despotism, and American slavery. Admiration of art in the 'Greek Slave' is joined with honest reprobation

of the system of which its presence in such a place is suggestive:—

"Brethren, ye bring us a form of beauty and in chains! Look ye yourselves upon her loveliness! ponder her thrilling tale of grief! She is not mute, O marble, eloquent! She pleads—she pleads! Gazing on Stars and Stripes, to your own selves she turns, and pleads in manacles! Though listens England's Queen, she listens all in vain. Sweet slave, turn from our Queen that agonizing look! No chains, no bonds, her myriad subjects bear, they melt in contact with the British air. Turn then, O beauteous slave! O make thy mournful suit to those that sent thee hither; their Saxon brethren here can only sigh!"

To many, even amidst such scenes, the people will still be "the greatest show." From the spectacle to the spectators thus the author turns musingly:—

"A unit unperceived, I sink into the living stream again. Rich, poor, gentle, simple, wise, foolish, young, old, learned, ignorant, thoughtful, thoughtless, haughty, humble, frivolous, profound, every grade of intellect, every shade of character! Here is a voluble smatterer, suddenly discomfited by the chance question of a curious child; and rather than own ignorance, will tell him falsely. There a bustling piece of earth, earthy; testing everything by money value. Here is a state bundle of prejudices, hard bound together; to whom everything here is topsy turvy, and discoloured, seen through jaundiced eye. Here comes one, serenely unconscious that he is a fool. There is one suddenly startled by a suspicion that he knows scarcely anything. Here is one listening with seeming lively interest, and assenting gesture, to a scientific explanation of which he comprehends nothing; but appearance must be kept up. There is one falsely thinking himself the observed of observers; trying to look unconscious and distinguished. Here is one that will not see a timid poor relation, or an humble friend, as fashionable folk are near. Yonder is a statesman, gliding about alone, watchful, thoughtful, cautious; pondering national character, habits, capabilities, localities, wants, superfluities, rival systems of policy, their fruits and workings; imagining new combinations, speculating on remote consequences. Here is one, little thinking that he will fall suddenly dead to-morrow; having much on hand both of business and pleasure. Here sits a laughing child, upon a gleaming cannon. Yonder is a blind man, sightless amidst surrounding splendours; but there is one telling him tenderly that he stands beside the statue of Milton. There, in the glistening centre of the Transept, stands an aged exile; venerable, widowed, once a queen; looking at the tranquil image of Victoria; meditating with a sigh on the happy security of her throne. Everywhere, gliding about, are forms of exquisite beauty, most delicate loveliness."

Then follows a wild word-picture, dashed with Salvator Rosa-like savageness, and Turner-like indistinctness,—“the living tide of wonder—nor silent—nor noisy—a strange hum—a radiant flood of light—many-hued objects, now glittering brightly, then glistening fainter and fainter, till lost in distance,—whence come floating the strains of rich music”—the passage ending thus:—

"Saladin—Cœur de Lion—glorious de Bouillon—a dim religious light—Dante—Tasso—Milton—Shakspeare—there they are. Could they but see this—or he, with eyes like theirs—be stirred with thoughts like theirs. Ah, sinking deeper still in reverie—dreamy—delicious! * * * Still the hum—the dazzle. Up, Laureate! Wake! Ay, it is no dream, but radiant reality. Up, Laureate, with thy lyre, and rapturously sweep its thrilling strings! Give forth grand strains, echoing through all time to come, surpassing Pindar's, as thine his theme transcendeth far."

Alas! have we a poet equal to the theme amongst us? For the present we may be pleased with the variety of thought and hap-

piness of invention in the present Apologue. And let us here explain the title of the book, and the train of ideas leading it to be called an Apologue, or story inculcating moral lesson. Wandering in the galleries, the author comes one day unexpectedly on the glass bee-hives, and catches sight of one little fellow employed in the wax, thus described in a foot-note:—

"When the author had the happiness of seeing this BEE, he was for a while solitary, very methodically repairing one of the cells! By-and-by, two or three other bees came up to him, as if to inspect progress; and seemingly satisfied, went away, leaving him carefully adjusting a layer of wax."

This was too good an incident to pass unimproved, and accordingly an address to the Bee is commenced—

"A WORKMAN! working! working HERE! Unmoved and undisturbed by myriads' scrutiny! O, artificer consummate! exquisite! On his own purposes intent! one of a state, a busy state, completely organized!"

The address is continued through about twenty pages, with many happy allusions to this 'tiny Exhibitor of industry,' this 'little Geometer,' 'heaven-taught Architect,' 'wondrous Monitor of man.' More we need not quote, because, from the days of Aristotle down to Mandeville, great writers have said so much on human affairs through 'fables of the bees.' Nothing original may now be expected, and even in the political contrast drawn between the Bee royalist and the Ant republican, Mr. Warren has been anticipated by Milton, who describes

"The parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of Commonalty."

At first we were disposed to smile at this part of the book, and to picture the learned sergeant, gowned and wigged, with pale earnest face, apostrophising the Bee, in the words quoted by him from Chaucer's 'Second Nonne's Tale,' "O besy Bee, withouten gile;" but the latter part of the address atones for some previous trifling:—

"Is there 'twixt thee and me a gulph profound ordained to be? Stand I on lofty Reason's brink, gazing proudly down on you, thick-clustering on the other side—on Instinct's edge—through gulph, impassable, tremendous! Poor Bee! dost thou see ME, and note my speculations—thinking so curiously, so confident, of thee, thy Being—Doings! MYSELF, the while!—unconsciously contemplated by some Intelligence, unseen—transcending mortal man, yet far himself from the Supreme, as finite from the Infinite—this moment loftily scanning ME—suspending for awhile his cares sublime, and gazing down on me—on all my fellows clustering round—in this our Hive of fancied splendour! vastness! Yet even to his wondrous eyes not visible—I infinitely less to Him, than Thou to Me! Doth he, in turn, deny me knowledge of my God, and think it to himself perchance confined! To such insects quite incommunicable. Doth he muse that we—a curious race, minute—from our little planet, peering out inquisitive, out among the stars, thinking we tell their motions, distances, weighing both sun and planets, forsooth! Feats stupendous, feats sublime! Ah, ha! Laughing in the skies! with powerful sense discovering we have our records, too, of these our feats, of thoughts, fancied, profound! So wise! straining mighty faculties! Such learned Ants, and such sagacious Bees! * * * Before thee, little Bee, Presumption stands abashed, and Solemnity rebuked, and Ignorance instructed, if it will. Or conscious or unconscious, Teacher, humbly I will learn from thee. In ONE we live, and move, and being have, giving to each his powers and sphere appropriate! Man, Bee,—our mission each! though thine for ever hidden from

my eye, my mission let me know, and reverently fulfil. Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might: let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that understandeth and knoweth Me, know that I am the Lord which exercise Loving-kindness, Judgment, and Righteousness, in the Earth!"

Thus endeth the first Book, with its lesson of Humility. The lesson of the Lily in the Second Book is that of Faith, being a beautiful meditation suggested by a flower seen in the Transept:—

"Lily! lovely lily! Here; thou here? Nature, in the palace of Art! God's handiwork, amongst the handiwork of man! Himself, His handiwork! Why hast thou come? what title hast thou to be here? Thou toilest not! thou spinnest not! Then why here? Ah, thou art a Messenger with Heavenly message fraught! I see a glory in thee now, and bow my head with reverence. O Queen of flowers! chosen from thy sisterhood, so fair and fragrant all, full eighteen hundred years ago, to wear the diadem then placed upon thy beauteous brow, ever since Queen of Flowers! Exalted thus by One, who made both Thee and Me! and while he trod the earth, its present God, who made both Earth and Heaven, pointed with radiant finger to thy faultless form, as before Omniscient eye thou stoodst, unconscious blooming loveliness, in glory all arrayed, eclipsing Solomon in all his glory! Blooming then, and ever since, and now, balm-diffusing for the broken-hearted, hope for hopeless, faith for faithless! Emblem Divine! from thy fragrant bosom stream unseen into my heart, with care oppressed, with trouble laden. Sweetness from heaven, wisdom, goodness, pride abasing, raising lowliness, presumption and DISTRUST re-proving with a gentle majesty. * * * Poor! poor 'mid all this wealth, within this palace all so glorious, standing alone, with gems, and gold, and silver, ruby, crystal, coral, pearl, and all precious things, glistening everywhere around: if my spirit for a moment falter, Lily, I will think of thee, and living, hope and love, and patient wait, and peaceful die! * * *

"So, sweetest of sweet flowers, I softly press thee yet again,

"With a tremulous hand,

"Unto a loving, chastened heart,

"By affliction chastened, sometimes sore.

"Come, let me gently take thee reverently from parent earth,

"For thou art freshly sprung from God:

"And looking here around, with all undazzled eye,

"While fade away these little things of Man,

"Time, sense;

"Then fix my stedfast gaze on thee,

"O, Lily;

"A Son, upon the emblem blooming,

"Of an Almighty FATHER's power and love."

The last paragraph we print typographically as in the book, most of which is arranged in much the same fashion, a conceit we have dispensed with in other extracts, in order to save space. In some parts the lines are so regular as to give at first sight the appearance of blank verse, and now and then the measured cadence and occasional rhythm almost indicate an abortive attempt at a formal poem, the idea of which the author had afterwards given up. Be this as it may, the present arrangement, while it is effective in certain passages, is carried out to an extent that has no literary advantage, and seems to do little more than swell the bulk of the volume.

We have quoted the opening passage of "Day in the Crystal Palace," we now give a brief extract from the Second Book:—

"NIGHT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"The seventy thousand* gone! All gone and I alone!—how dread this silence! the seventy thou-

*"On Tuesday, 15th July, 74,122 persons visited the Crystal Palace."

sand, with bright sunshine, gone, and I alone, and moonlight all irradiates solemnly. All gone, the living stream, with its mysterious hum—my brethren and my sisters gone! from every clime, of every hue, and every tongue. But a few hours ago all here, gleeful, eager, curious all, admiring, instructed. Some stirred with deep thoughts, and fixed on musings strange—but now, thus far on in the night, all, all asleep—Past, Present, Future melted into ONE. The very Bees, wearied, are all asleep, in yonder hive of theirs, save where before the porch, stand their tiny sentinels, within, without—all vigilant, as ours. There's not a breath of sighing air to wake yon sleeping flowers, or stir the leaves of yon high trees, stately sentries o'er the flowers. Yon banners all hang waveless, their proud devices now scarce visible. Embleming nations, restless, stern, in battle order seeming even yet! startled some, convulsed but recently. But now, at length, asleep, all here, sleeping grandly, secure, reliant—lately worn with war and tumult; now, soothed into repose by sights and sounds of an unwonted Unity, and Peace, and Concord. O, could this Concord last, and blessed harmony enwrap this troubled globe, rolling through Heaven in its appointed course, before the eye of God, well-pleased, the God of Peace."

In the Crystal Palace by day, philosophers and notables were supposed to be seen amid the throng, Herschel, Le Verrier, Adams, Foucault, Stephenson, Owen, Faraday, in connexion with whose names striking facts in human discovery are referred to. In the Night Scene, the spirits of the mighty dead are seen and heard—Alexander—Alfred—Aristotle—Galileo—Æschylus—Archimedes—Bacon—Newton—and others, who may well be conceived to be present, if spirits can revisit the pale glimpses of the moon on this our earth. We had marked extracts, but must refrain from further quotation. One fine passage we would fain give, but it is too long, and would be spoiled by being broken. It is where, after describing the Koh-i-Noor, the author is led to the Stone from Canada which bears the imprint of the footsteps of the passing reptile, and of the drops of the passing shower of rain:—

"Telling of Life, and Air sustaining it;

"Of genial showers, moistening the ground;

"Flux and reflux of tidal wave;

"Attractive force of the revolving orbs of Light

"Greater and lesser, night and day then governing;

"All, all revealed to him, who coming countless ages after,

"Scanneth this Stone, with an instructed eye.

"Therefore, wonderful is this Stone,

"Thus mystically writ upon. And

"It is the true Philosopher's Stone."

Men of science will appreciate the popular account here given of some of their most wonderful deductions. But we must conclude our notice with the closing paragraph of the volume, in which the author pleads eloquently for the removal of the Crystal Palace:—

"Go then, thou grand one of the Present, grandly into the Past. And for the Future, leave no trace behind, but in the mind, enriched, expanded, and sublimed. Only a noble memory, be thou, to sensuous eye, quickly as though thou hadst not been. Let the place that knows thee now, know thee no more. Let the grass grow again, where grew the grass so short a while ago. Let the wandering winds blow freely o'er the site where shone so late the gleaming Wonder of the World. Let world-wide pilgrims come, in all time hereafter, unto this sceptred Isle, this little world, this precious stone, set in the silver sea, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, and to that green spot—and, pointing to their sons, all grown incredulous, say,—Here it stood."

In this view, as our readers know, we do not concur. It is all very fine and poetical

to plead after this fashion, for the destruction of the Crystal Palace, but our age and country are essentially practical, and we see no reason why this substantial though fragile fabric should not be converted to honourable use.

In laying down Mr. Warren's book, we feel that most of what he has written meets our sympathy and approval. Errors both of judgment and of taste the composition has, but its tone of charity and good-will inclines us to cover a multitude of faults. Had it appeared earlier in the season, many might have visited the Exhibition with larger views and deeper feelings. The Crystal Palace is here represented not only as a Museum of Inventions, and a Bazaar of Industry and Art, nor only as a Temple of Peace and Concord, but also as a noble Walhalla, where the spirit holds converse with the great and good of all times.

Von Babylon nach Jerusalem, Von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. London: Williams and Norgate.

Babylon und Jerusalem. Sendschreiben mit einer Nachschrift an Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. Berlin: W. Hertz. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE Countess Hahn is the prototype of that mysterious creation of French refinement, the "femme supérieure et incomprise." Her noble relatives have long been great in hunts and races, and one of them acquired great celebrity throughout the German land for the recklessness with which he spent a splendid fortune in private theatricals. With such antecedent and concomitant claims upon notoriety, it was but natural that Ida Hahn's first appearance as a writer should have obtained a considerable share of attention in Germany, especially since her assumption of the character was either followed or accompanied by a divorce, that never-failing appeal to the sympathies of a German public. The tendencies, too, of her writings and her very style were calculated to divide the literary and other coteries, and to secure a due portion of that conflicting abuse and praise which is as the breath in the nostrils of an ambitious woman. Ida wrote novels, it is true; but these novels had a high and philosophical object; they discussed the laws, and laid down the limits, of that ceaseless and unrelenting warfare which the Creator has ordained shall be carried on between civilized woman and civilized man, as well as between the grosser and matter-of-fact members of the human family, who delve, toil, and spin, and the elect, who glance at all with extreme lassitude, indifference, and disgust, because they see that it is very bad. Ida wrote these novels for the purpose of demonstrating that the felicity which results from the union of the various bodily and mental qualities of the two sexes, is the sole means of happiness on this earth; that man and woman cannot possibly stand in any relation to each other without being thereby made supremely miserable; and that they ought not to be happy, even if they could, without making themselves liable to be treated with that contempt which vulgar natures must expect at the hands of the moaning elect. Such doctrines were worthy of the style which conveyed them to the world. It was the style of the lady of the manor, who condescends to counsel and edify the poor cottagers on her estates. It was a slipshod, morning-wrapper, and curl-paper style, full of negligence, loose thoughts, and looser expressions, with a choice

collection of foreign—French, Italian, and English idioms—‘to astonish the Browns.’ It did astonish them. Throughout a long and strangely successful literary career, the Countess Ida was reviled to her heart’s content, but in return she was much beloved. Her time, when not engaged in the composition of her books, or in those experimental studies of life, tempers, and characters, to which novelists of this class are generally addicted, was spent in journeys and newspaper controversies, which latter, by-the-by, seem to belong to the stock in trade of a successful German author. Ida quarrelled on all sides, with more boldness than discretion, until she was finally and hopelessly worsted in an encounter with Dr. Diefenbach, whose professional reputation she had thought proper to attack. Her journeys were chiefly confined to the continent of Europe, but she made an Eastern tour too, and recorded her adventures in several large volumes. She visited England, and was duly lionized, even in circles which, previous to her arrival, had been considered accessible only to those whose birth, talents, and reputation were alike unquestionable. We will not say that she behaved ungratefully; but certain it is, that in the letters she published on England and the English, she was a stranger to that indulgent forbearance which in this country had been shown to her trespasses. Such is the imperfect outline of a conspicuous though not a happy career. For what, after all, are her feelings? On her own showing, we must take them as follows:—

“My life has passed, as it were, in a subterranean vault. I garnished that vault to the best of my powers, with great exertions, sincere love, and various troubles, and amidst many hot tears; and I was always convinced that it was not a vault, but a holy temple. I lighted lamps, and candles, and torches, as many as my poor mind could afford, I snatched up flowers according to my poor heart’s best knowledge; and I erected altars and sacrificed to my idols—to love, truth, glory, the three genii, which, according to the soul, whether redeemed or unredeemed, in which they have made their tents, lead us to the abyss or to divine glory. Love in an unredeemed mind (and with it man becomes a slave of his Self, which is the more dangerous from the excellence of his natural character) is prepared for every sacrifice. We would suffer with the beloved object; we would forego, and lament, and forbear, and make no claim whatever for his sole happiness. But all these yearnings and struggles exhale so soft, so sweet, so fragrant an egotism, that it stultifies and paralyzes and intoxicates us, so that enervation and lassitude must needs come, even without disappointment. And this makes the heart heavy and weary, and ready at times to expire with a mysterious sadness, which ascends like a melancholy shade, whispering, Hast thou indeed found what will suffice thee for all time to come, and satisfy thee, and be a source of real happiness? And when we boldly say, Yes! it sounds like a sigh of ‘Alas!’ and if we say ‘Alas!’ we scarcely know how much it contains of that idealistic sorrow, as I must call it, which Ixion-like feels the goddess shrink in its arms, an empty cloud!”

A most unsatisfactory state of mind indeed, and one against which neither pleasure, nor dissipation, change, study, nor travels could prevail, for we have it in her own showing that she journeyed in quest of peace from one end of this part of the globe to the other:—

“From the cataracts of the Nile to the grottoes of Staffa,—from the hills of Cintra to the gardens of Damascus,—across the Alps, Pyrenees, and the Libanon,—across the seas and the Arabian desert,—from the banks of the Shannon to the banks of the sacred Jordan. I have made my home under

the tents of the Bedouins and in the palaces of the aristocracy of Europe; I have known whatsoever I could know of the various classes and conditions of nations and men. I have moved in extremes. In London, for instance, I went from Rag Fair to be presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. The highest and lowest points of civilization; the various degrees of national progress; the connexion of a civilization with the creed and character of a people, with its customs and morals; in short, the history of humanity in *tableaux vivans* I desired to have before mine eyes. From face to face did I propose to behold the life of humanity.”

And then!—what then? The Countess Ida found to her cost that humanity has no charm for those who pass through the world as idle lookers-on; that pleasures will pall, and change become irksome; that those who shirk their duties in life come to be like homeless wanderers and vagabonds on the face of the earth; and that people are none the happier for repeating and paraphrasing, *usque ad nauseam*, the trite Yankee adage—“it is not new, it is not true, and it does not much matter.” What had the world to say to a pale and rather plain lady in Parisian boots and a green veil, who passed from land to land, and from place to place, caring for no one, and lamenting that no one cared for her? And to make matters worse, the Revolution of 1848 swept over Europe in spite of Ida Hahn’s indignant protests, and somewhat undignified invectives against “the charmed cauldron of democracy.” What could the poor Countess do?

What she could do, and what she did, was to follow the time-honoured proverb of her native land. When a nuisance is past endurance, the German peasant will say, “das ist zum Katholisch werden—it is enough to make a man turn Roman Catholic.” For such a step there was ample precedent. Almost all the writers of that particular school to which Ida belonged, closed a life of dissipation and enjoyment in the bosom of the Romish Church. Stollberg became a convert after gaining the prize for the most indecent poem. Frederic Schlegel wrote his ‘Lucinde,’ turned Catholic, and died of an indigestion. Zacharias Werner closed a most disreputable life as a preaching friar in the style of Abraham à Santa Clara. As for Ida Hahn, not only did she join the Roman Catholic Church, but she had scarcely joined it when she published a book on her conversion. In ‘From Babylon to Jerusalem,’ she traces the history of her errors and her struggles, condemns her former life, her works, and her connexions. Nor does she stop there. She hints, and pretty plainly too, that the world at large is far worse than she has been; that it stands in the greatest need of correction and ghostly government; and that every man, woman, and child in Europe—that is to say, every Protestant man, woman, or child, ought to join her in Jerusalem, not in the capital of Syria, but in the bosom of the all and only blessed Roman Catholic Church.

It is to remonstrate against the presumption which suggested such a proposal, that a German writer published the pamphlet, ‘Babylon and Jerusalem.’ The title-page bears no author’s name; but unless we are mistaken in the style and the writer’s treatment of his subject, we should say that ‘Babylon and Jerusalem’ is from the pen of Professor Nitsch of Berlin, one of the most eminent divines of Protestant Germany. The writer, whoever he is, addresses the Countess Ida in a tone of severe kindness, than which we have never seen anything

more felicitous in controversial literature. He admires Ida Hahn, and indeed he likes her dearly. For that very reason he is happy that she has become a Roman Catholic, for by so doing she has become what she never was before—a Christian.

“I believe,” says he, “that you have not only become a Romanist but also a Christian, and if Romanism was for you a way and a condition, I am surely the last man to quarrel either with you or with the Roman Catholic Church. But, on your own showing, you have first become a Romanist and afterwards a Christian. Had you (but of course you think it impossible) been a Christian in the first instance, you would perhaps have thought it unnecessary to become a Romanist.”

The German writer’s argument is very much like that of a well-known Hebrew divine, whom a member of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews informed, with more zeal than discretion, that the society had of late converted a large number of Jews in a certain ill-reputed London street. “Have they, indeed?” said the Rabbi. “Well, I’m happy to hear that these men have become Christians; I know them very well—they never were Jews.” The Countess Hahn, too, as her book and the pamphlet before us show, never was a Protestant, although, by the accident of birth, she sprang from a Protestant family in a Christian country. For she says that when fully resolved to join the Romish church, she never once thought that it would be necessary to “renovate her life;” that she became a Romanist from a desire for some new sensation—“for something different to what I had hitherto seen and felt.”

Another motive of Countess Ida’s conversion is beautifully and impressively stated by the author above referred to:—

“It was not the force of eternal truth and of Divine life and love which seized and attracted you; it was the Romish Church which awed you with its splendour, consistency, totality, and completion. It was not the feeling of your own most inward and individual guilt and estrangement from God which urged you to repentance and a desire of salvation; it was not an abhorrence of your ‘Self,’ it was the disgust you felt at the wickedness of the world, at the excesses of the Revolution, at the Babylonian division and confusion around you, which was indeed reflected and reproduced in yourself,—these were the things which turned your gaze to the unity and community, to the majestic tranquillity of the Romish Church. You fled for refuge within its aisles; you sought it for the sake of that vast, splendid, tranquil space, which stood apart from the noise and the contentions of busy life. After a time, you found in the temple, what you were by no means in quest of when you entered, namely, an altar and a cross.”

Here we leave the controversy, if controversy the contest may be called, in which the calm, and almost majestic self-possession of a man of science, the dignified earnestness of an old believer, and the cutting logic of a writer of the Schleiermacher school, are opposed to the querulous complaints and bombastic declamations of a moderately gifted, but exceedingly ill-tempered and fanatic woman. Those among our readers who know German will find themselves amply repaid for the trouble of perusing a book which, small though it be, contains a host of arguments against converts and conversions, as well as against the zeal of those who confess to their old errors only because they wish to inculcate the new, and whose chief reason for believing that they are unmistakeably right is, that they have before been unmistakeably wrong.

Le Morvan; its Wild Sports, Vineyards, and Forests. By Henri de Crignelle. Translated by Captain Jesse. Saunders and Otley.

If the author of this book be a true and honourable Nimrod, English sportsmen will feel indebted to him for his publication. But we deem it right to state thus early, that his hunting stories make us somewhat sceptical. Not that we question the existence of numerous wild animals in the forests of Le Morvan; but when we read of legions of wolves reddening the shores of lakes with the blood of innumerable animals which they have slaughtered while slaking their thirst in the cooling waters, we think that the warm imagination of M. de Crignelle, in his anxiety to laud the wild wealth of his darling forests, has multiplied its denizens into fabulous numbers. The district of Le Morvan, the Pagus Morvinus of Cæsar, comprises a portion of the departments of the Nièvre and the Yonne, lying between vine-clad Burgundy and the mountains of the Nivernois. It is, according to our author, nothing less than a terrestrial paradise, being blessed with a lovely climate, fine wines, and beautiful women, who, we are assured, are "ardent and tender-hearted as the dove;" for, adds their adorer, and we beg the attention of physiologists to what follows, "nothing contributes so much to bring forth the loving principle of the affections as the silent melancholy of the umbrageous woods, and the soft and perfumed breezes that pervade them."

But the forests of Le Morvan are its great treasure. These are among the most extensive in France, and cover nearly 200,000 acres of ground. They yield a large proportion of the fuel annually consumed in Paris, which, in the form of logs, is branded and thrown into the streams which intersect the forests, and being lashed into rafts, are drifted to the Seine, and eventually borne on the waters of that river to the capital.

In these forests M. de Crignelle spent his youthful days, and having done battle with the boar and the wolf, he considers himself qualified to guide the sportsman through their wildest and most intricate recesses. These localities abound with wolves, which are still so numerous as to be a terror to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country. With the view of lessening their numbers, government have offered a reward of twenty-five francs for each female wolf destroyed, and twenty francs for a male animal; but even with this premium for their destruction, their numbers are so great that it is absolutely necessary to employ the wholesale 'battue' to aid in their extermination. Two 'battues' take place annually, one in May, when the female wolves are with young, the other at the commencement of December:—

"To these all the tribe of sportsmen—the good, the bad, and the indifferent—are invited; in short, every one in the neighbourhood who loves excitement attends. Gentlemen, poachers, and *gens d'armes*, young conscripts and old soldiers, doctors and schoolmasters, every one who is the fortunate possessor of a gun, a carbine, a pistol, a sabre, a bayonet, or any other weapon, presents himself at the rendezvous. Bands of peasants, also, armed with bludgeons, spears, broomsticks, cymbals, bells, frying-pans, sauce-pans, and fire-irons (it is impossible to make too much noise on the occasion), arrive from every point of the compass, and add their numbers to those already assembled. On the day agreed upon, therefore, and at the spot indicated, a small army is on foot, which, full of ardour and thirsting for the combat, brandish with shouts

their various weapons and kitchen utensils, drink to the success of the enterprise, and wait with no little impatience the signal to place themselves in march, and attack the enemy. The commander of these assembled forces,—generally the head ranger of the forest,—having under his orders a battalion of sub *gardes-de-chasse*, direct their movements.

"This mode of taking the wolf is conducted with very great order and circumspection; everything is well arranged beforehand; the ravines and deep underwood, which the wolves are known to resort to, have been carefully ascertained; the number of guns and rifles necessary to surround this or that wood are told off, and the whole plan is so well prepared, the execution of it is so prompt, every one is so well aware of what he has to do, that in one day a large tract of country is carefully beaten.

"In these *battues*, those who have fire-arms form two sides of a triangle, and are placed with their backs to the wind, along the roads which border the wood the *traqueurs* are about to beat. On no account ought they to fire to their rear, but always to the front; and in order to prevent, in this respect, misunderstanding and accident, the *garde*, whose duty it is to place each sportsman at his post, breaks a branch, or cuts a notch in the tree before him, in order that in a moment of hesitation and excitement this broken bough or barked spot may remind him of his real position. The base of the triangle or the cord of the arc (for this curved line had more the shape of a great bow slightly strung than any other geometrical figure) is formed of the peasants, who, side by side, wait only for the last signal to advance, when they commence their euphonious concert—a *charivari* not to be described.

"The arrangements and preparations, conducted in profound silence, being terminated, the signal is given, when the tumult, which at once breaks forth, produces intense excitement. The forest, hitherto silent, and apparently without life, is suddenly awakened with confused noises, metallic and human—the peasants shout, halloo, sing, and bang together their pots, kettles, and pieces of iron, striking every bush and thicket with their staves, and scaring every animal before them. Flights of wood-pigeons, conveys of partridges, birds of every size, species, and plumage, pass like moving shadows above their heads. The owls, too, suddenly aroused from sleep, leave their dark holes, and, blinded by the light, fly against the branches in their alarm with cries of terror—probably imagining the order of night and day is reversed, and that the unusual and unearthly noises proclaim that the end of the world has arrived for the owls. Then come the roebuck and the foxes, bounding and breaking through the underwood, and the hares and rabbits, which jump up under the feet of the beaters.

"Motionless as a mile-stone at your post, and rifle ready, this flying legion of animals gives you a twinge of impatience, for you must allow them a free passage, as in these *battues* one dare not fire at anything, save and except the great object of the day, the wolf. Wolves alone have the honour on these important occasions of receiving the contents of your double-barrel. But the cowards, divining what is in preparation for them, are the last to show themselves; as the line advances, they trot up and down the portion of the wood thus enclosed, seeking for an outlet, or some break in the line; and they never make up their minds to advance to the front until the tempest of sounds behind them is almost ringing in their ears. But now the thunder of voices, till then distant, approaches, and the cries and hallooing of the peasants, like a flowing tide, forces them to draw nearer to the huntsmen.

"Whether or no, that fatal line must now be passed, and the few minutes that precede the last movement of the wolves towards it brings to every sportsman sensations impossible to describe. He knows the brutes are in his rear, approaching, and a feeling like an electric current runs at this exciting moment from one to the other; every man's finger is on his trigger, his pulse throbs at a feverish pace, his heart beats like the clapper of a bell in full

swing—all, to take a surer aim, kneel, or place their back against the nearest tree, and each offers up a prayer for aid to his patron saint. This nervous moment has sometimes such an effect upon ardent and excitable imaginations, that I have observed many young sportsmen look very queer, some actually tremble, and one shed tears. But the *traqueurs* are at hand, and the largest and boldest of the wolves, placing themselves in front, are preparing for the fatal rush—one more *charivari* from the peasants and their saucepans decides them, when the whole troop bound forward, yelling and howling upon the line, in passing which a storm of balls and buck-shot salute and assail them in their course.

"The death of from thirty to forty wolves is generally the result of the day's exertions, without counting the wounded, which always escape in greater or less numbers. The Government give a reward of twenty francs for every wolf, and twenty-five for every she-wolf, and these sums being immediately divided among the peasants, they return to their homes not a little pleased, singing their old hunting ballads, stopping occasionally by the way at some village inn for a glass, where they may be seen cutting capers, with the true peasant notions of the dance. On a fine day, with the blue sky above, the forest breathing perfume, and the sun shedding over it its golden rays, the passing game, the distant halloo! of the *traqueurs*, the gun-shots which suddenly rattle around you, the watching for and first view of the wolves, put the head and the heart in such a state of excitement, as once felt can never be forgotten. The May and December *battues* are, therefore, looked forward to with immense impatience; and nothing short of sudden death, or an injured limb, prevents the country people from hastening with alacrity to the rendezvous."

It appears that every stratagem is used to destroy this terrible animal, to whom, with slight alteration, the rule of the chase, as laid down by Roderic Dhu, might be applied:—

"Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend;
Whoever reek'd where, how, or when
The prowling wolf was trapp'd and slain?"

During the winter, bands of hungry wolves besiege the farms in the forests, and keep the farmers in a state of perpetual alarm for the safety of their cattle. Under these circumstances, every opportunity is taken to shoot the dreaded animals, and occasionally their daring and rapacity hurries them to their own destruction. We are told of a farmer, whose house was nightly surrounded by troops of wolves, loudly demanding the trifling alms of 'a horse, an ox, or a man,' who used a dead colt as a successful bait to entrap his nocturnal visitors:—

"For this purpose he placed the dead body in the middle of his court-yard, and having fastened weights to its neck and legs, to prevent the wolves from dragging it away, he set the principal gate open, but so arranged with cords and pulleys that it could be closed at any required moment. Night came on; the house was shut up, the candles extinguished, the stables barricaded, the dogs brought in-doors and muzzled to prevent them from barking, and, in the bright starlight, on some clean straw, the better to attract attention, lay the dead body of the colt—the gate, as we have said, being open. All was ready, all within on the watch, when about ten o'clock the wolves were heard in the distance; they approached, smelt, looked, listened, grumbled, and distrusting the open gate, paused; not one would enter. Profound was the silence and excitement in the house. Hunger at last overcame prudence and mistrust. Their savage cries were renewed; they became more and more impatient and exasperated,—how was it possible to resist a piece of young horseflesh? The most forward, probably the captain of the band, could hold out no longer, and to show his fellows he was worthy to be their leader, he advanced alone, passed the Rubicon, went up to the colt, tore away a large

piece of his chest, and, proud of his achievement, set off at speed with his booty between his teeth. The other wolves, seeing him escape in safety, regained their confidence, and one, two, three, six, eight wolves were soon gathered round the animal, but, though eating as fast as they could, they remained with ears erect, and each eye still on the gate.

"Eight wolves! The farmer thought it a respectable number, and whistled, when the four men at the ropes hauling instantly, the large folding-gates rolled to, and closed in the stillness with the noise of thunder,—the wolves were prisoners. Startled and terrified at finding themselves caught, they at once deserted the small remains of the colt, creeping about in all directions in search of some outlet by which they might escape, or some hole to hide in, while the farmer, having secured them, sent his household to bed, putting off their destruction till sunrise.

"The morning dawned, and with the first rays of light master and man, for whom the event was a perfect *fête*, set some ladders against the walls of the court, and from them, as well as the windows, fired volleys on the entrapped wolves. Unable to resist, the animals for some time hurried hither and thither, crouching in every nook and corner of the yard: but the wounds from balls which reached them behind the stones, or under the carts, soon turned their fear into rage. They began to make alarming leaps, and the most dreadful yells. The work of destruction went on but slowly,—the men were but indifferent shots, the wolves never an instant at rest; and the rapidity and perseverance with which they continued to gallop round, or leap from side to side of the yard, as if in a cage, essentially baffled the endeavours of their enemies.

"The affair was in this way becoming tedious, when an unlooked-for misfortune threw a dreadful gloom over the whole scene.

"The ladder used by one of the party being too short, the young man placed himself on the wall, as if in a saddle, to have a better opportunity of taking aim; when one of the wolves, the largest, strongest, and most exasperated, suddenly bounded at the wall, as if to clear it, but failed; subsequently the animal attempted to climb up by means of the unhewn stones, like a cat, and though he again failed, reached high enough almost to seize with his sharp teeth the foot of the unfortunate lad. Terrified at this he raised his leg to avoid the brute, lost his balance, and the same moment fell with a heart-rending scream into the court below. Each and all the wolves turned like lightning on their helpless, hopeless victim, and a cry of horror was heard on every side.

"The storm of leaden hail ceased; no man dared fire again, and yet something must be done, for the monsters were devouring their unhappy fellow-servant. Listening only to the dictates of courage and humanity, the noble-hearted farmer, gun in hand, leaped at once into the yard, and his men all followed his heroic example. A general and frightful conflict ensued. The scene which then took place defies every attempt at description. No pen could adequately place before the reader the awful incidents that succeeded. He must, if he can, imagine the howling of the wolves, the piteous cries of the lacerated and dying youth, the imprecations of the men, the neighing of the horses and roaring of the bulls in the stables; and, more than all, the crying and lamentations of the women and children in the house—a fearful chorus—such as happily few, very few persons were ever doomed to hear. At last the farmer's wife, a powerful and resolute woman, with great presence of mind unmuzzled the dogs, and threw them from a window into the yard. This most useful reinforcement with their vigorous attacks and loud barking completed the tumult and the tragedy. In twenty minutes the eight wolves were dead; and with them half the faithful dogs. The poor unfortunate lad, his throat torn open, was dead; his courageous, though unsuccessful defenders, were all more or less wounded, and the gallant farmer's left hand so injured, that as soon as surgical assistance could be procured for him, amputation was found to be necessary.

"The monsters, stretched side by side in the yard, were also stone dead, every one of them; but not a voice on the farm raised the heart-stirring shout of victory. Consternation and gloom reigned over it, and it was long indeed ere the voice of mourning deserted its walls."

We have alluded to the Munchausen-like vein which occasionally crops out in this volume. And, as confirmatory of our criticism, we extract a pendant to the foregoing terrible story, leaving the reader to judge of its logical merits:—

"Wolf-hunting with traps has its dangers and its inconveniences, and the *Traquenard* must be used with great caution. Every morning it should be visited and shut; otherwise a man, a horse, a dog, or some other animal, may fall into it, and be taken. In order, therefore, as much as possible to prevent accidents, our peasants, farmers, and poachers, when using this kind of trap, always tie stones, or little pieces of dead wood, to the bushes and branches of the trees near the spot in which it is set; they likewise place the same kind of signal at the extremity of the pathway which leads to the trap, as a warning to those who may walk that way; and the peasants, who know what these signals dancing in the air with every puff of wind mean, turn aside, and take very good care how they proceed on their road.

"In spite of all these precautions, however, very sad occurrences will sometimes happen in our forests. Some years ago a trap was placed in a deserted footway, and the usual precautions were taken of hanging stones and bits of wood in the approach to the path at either end. The same day, a young man of the neighbourhood, full of love and imprudence—upon the eve, in fact, of being entangled in the conjugal 'I will'—anxious to present to his *fiancée* some turtle-doves and pigeons with rosy beaks, with whose whereabouts he was acquainted, left his home a little before sunset to surprise the birds on their nest; but he was late, the night closed in rapidly, and with the intention of shortening the road, instead of following the beaten one he took his way across the forest. Without in the least heeding the brambles and bushes which caught his legs, or the ditches and streams he was obliged to cross, he pressed on; and after a continued and sanguinary battle with the thorns, the stumps, the roots, and the long wild roses, came exactly on the path where the trap was set. The night was now nearly dark, and, in his agitation and hurry, thinking only of his doves and the loved one, he failed to observe that several little pieces of string were swinging to and fro in the breeze from the branches of a thicket near him. Dreadful indeed was it for him that he did not; for suddenly he felt a terrible shock, accompanied by most intense pain, the bones of his leg being apparently crushed to pieces—he was caught in the wolf-trap!

"The first few moments of pain and suffering over, comprehending at once the danger of his position, he with great presence of mind collected all the strength he had, and by a determined effort endeavoured to open the serrated iron jaws which held him fast: but though despair is said to double the strength of a man, the trap refused to give up its prey; and as at the least movement the iron teeth buried themselves deeper and deeper with agonizing pain into his leg, and grated nearly on the bone, his sufferings became so intense that in a very few minutes he ceased from making any further attempts to release himself. Feeling this to be the case, he began to shout for help, but no one replied; and as the night drew in he was silent, fearing that his cries would attract the notice of some of the wolves that might be prowling in the neighbourhood, and resolved to wait patiently and with fortitude what fate willed—what he could not avert. He had under his coat a little hatchet, a weapon which the Morvians constantly carry about with them, and thus in the event of his being attacked by the dreaded animals, he trusted to it to defend himself; but he was still not without hope that the wolves would not make their appearance.

"The night lengthened; the moon rose, and shed

her pale light over the forest. Immovable, with eyes and ears on the *qui vive*, his body in the most dreadful agony, he listened and waited: when, all at once, far—very far off, a confused murmur of indistinct sounds was heard. Approaching with rapidity, these murmurs became cries and yells; they were those of wolves—and not only wolves, but wolves on the track, which must ere a few minutes could elapse be upon him. A pang of horror, and a cold perspiration poured from his face;—but fear was not a part of his nature, and by almost superhuman efforts, and in such an awful moment, forgetting all pain, he dragged himself and the trap towards an oak tree, against which he placed his back.

"Here leaning with his left hand upon a stout staff he had with him when he fell, and having in his right his hatchet ready to strike, the young man, full of courage, after having offered up a short prayer to his God, and embraced, as it were, in his mind his poor old mother and his bride, awaited the horrible result, determined to show himself a true child of the forest, and meet his fate like a man. A few minutes more, and he was as if surrounded by a cordon of yellow flames, which, like so many Will-o'-the-wisps, danced about in all directions. These were the eyes of the monsters; the animals themselves, which he could not see, sent forth their horrible yells full in his face, and the smell of their horrid carcasses was borne to him on the wind. Alas! the *dénouement* of the tragedy approached. The wolves had hit upon the scented line of earth, and following it, hungry and enraged, were bounding here and there, and exciting each other. They had arrived at the baited spot. . .

"What passed after this no one can tell—no eye saw but His above: but on the following morning when the Père Séguin, for he was the unfortunate person who set the *Traquenard*, came to examine it, he found the trap at the foot of the oak deluged with blood, the bone of a human leg upright between the iron teeth, and all around, scattered about the turf and the path, a quantity of human remains: bits of hair, bones,—red and moist, as if the flesh had been out recently torn from them,—shreds of a coat, and other articles of clothing, were also discovered near the spot; with the assistance of some dogs that were put on the scent, three wolves, their heads and bodies cut open with a hatchet, were found dying in the adjacent thickets. The bones of their victim were carried to the nearest church; and on the following day these mournful fragments, which had only a few hours before been full of life, and youth, and health, were committed to the earth."

Although our author is evidently more of a Nimrod than a Waltonian, he has not forgotten the streams of Le Morvan. These are inhabited by trout, but we do not hear of their being captured by the artificial fly. Indeed, this mode of fishing is seldom practised in France, and we remember, on more than one occasion, astonishing a rustic population in that country by our fly-fishing exploits. However, other means are employed to kill fish, among which is the following, which has, at least, the merit of singularity:—

"The enthusiastic sportsman, who fears neither storms nor a *coup-de-soleil*, makes his appearance about this time, without, it is true, either fishing-rod, lines, worms, flies, or bait of any description, but having under his left arm a double-barrel gun, in his right hand a large cabbage, and at his heels a clever poodle. The fisherman, or the huntsman, I scarcely know which to call him, now duly reconnoitres the river, fixes upon some tree, the large and lower branches of which spread over it, ascends with his gun and his cabbage, and having taken up an equestrian position upon one of the projecting arms, examines the surface of the deep stream below him. He has not been long on his perch when he perceives a stately pike paddling up the river; a leaf is instantly broken off the cabbage, and when the Branchiostegous has approached sufficiently near, is thrown into the water; fright-

ened, the voracious fish at once disappears, but shortly after rises, and grateful to the unknown and kind friend who has sent him this admirable parasol, he goes towards it, and after pushing it about for a few seconds with his nose, finally places himself comfortably under its protecting shade. The sportsman, watching the animated gyrations of his cabbage-leaf, immediately fires, when the poodle, whose sagacity is quite equal to that of his master, plunges into the water, and if the fish is either dead or severely wounded fails not to bring out with him the scaly morsel; thus so long as the heavens are bright and blue, the water is warm, the large fish choose to promenade in the sun, and the sportsman's powers of climbing hold out, the sport continues. Sometimes the poodle and the fish have a very sharp struggle, and then the fun is great indeed, unless by chance the sportsman should unfortunately miss his hold in the midst of his laughter, and drop head-foremost into the water with his cabbage and his double-barrel."

Our extracts will probably send the sportsman to M. de Crignelle's book; and at this season, when Clubland is left desolate, those in quest of adventures may be tempted to set up their autumn 'shealings' in the fastnesses of Le Morvan:—

"It is a country," says our author, "that would delight an Englishman, for it is full of game; here the sportsman may vary his pleasures as fancy dictates. The forest abounds with deer; the plain with rabbits and the timid hare; and in the vineyards, during the merry season of the vintage, the fat red-stocked and grey-clad partridges are lagged by bushes. Here the sportsman may watch in the open glades the treacherous wild cat and the bounding roebuck; and, should these sports appear too tame, he may, if foot and heart are sound, plunge into the dark recesses of the forest in pursuit of the savage and grisly boar, or the fierce and prowling wolf.

"When evening comes, bringing with it peace and rest to the industrious peasant, when the moon shall light her bright lamp in the star-spangled heavens, and shed her silvery rays across the plain, the hunter may lead forth the village belle, and foot it merrily on the mossy greensward, to the sound of the bagpipe and the rustic flute, by fountains which never cease their monotonous but soothing plaint, and under the long shadows of the ancient oaks and tall acacias."

With this extract we take our leave of M. de Crignelle, thanking him for a lively volume, which has the freshness of originality.

SUMMARY.

Hunt's Hand-book to the Official Catalogues of the Great Exhibition. Vol. II. Spicer Brothers, and W. Clowes and Sons.

We congratulate Mr. Hunt with much sincerity on the termination of his labours in the construction of this useful work. It has been executed promptly, and with a systematic comprehensiveness that does infinite credit to his vigorous mind. The author has made large use, in a small compass, of a mass and variety of materials that may never be brought together again. Let no one imagine that, because the Great Exhibition will shortly be closed, that the 'Hand-book' is not therefore needed. On the contrary, it should be read and retained by all as a compact and portable record of what they have seen exhibited. Mr. Hunt has a happy facility of making plain the technicalities of art, of trade mechanics, and of science.

The History of Scotland. By Thomas Wright. Part I. Tallis and Co., London and New York.

A new history of Scotland, from the earliest period to the present time, is publishing in parts, uniform with a series of works entitled 'Tallis's Imperial Histories.' In the preliminary address it is said that "a good, and at the same time a popular, history of Scotland" is still a desideratum, to supply which the publishers have secured the labours of Mr. Wright, whose 'History of Ireland,' in the same series, has been received with considerable

favour by the public. For some parts of his narrative, the author informs us that "he has access to many original documents, which, though they throw new light on the events of past ages, have not yet been used," and especially "he has in his possession materials for the history of Queen Mary, which were unknown to former writers."

We are curious to know the nature of these latter materials, and whether anything is still to be added to the French and Spanish documents of which M. Mignet has made such admirable use. One interesting acquisition the publishers give satisfactory account of. They have in their hands for engraving two authentic portraits of Mary, hitherto unknown publicly, painted by Paris Bordoné, the court painter to Francis I. and II., the one for a favourite maid of honour, the other for one of the Queen's chamberlains, by whose marriage subsequently both pictures came into one family, and by hereditary descent now belong to Dr. James Copland, F.R.S., by whose permission they are being engraved for the present work. In each part portraits will be given of eminent characters, taken generally from contemporary paintings. The first part contains portraits of the Regent Murray, and of Lord Darnley, besides a very good frontispiece, and a map of Scotland. Mr. Wright, while a laborious compiler, possesses a style well adapted for a popular work, and will produce no doubt a readable history of Scotland. He will find it, however, not so easy as he imagines, "to record with impartial feelings the events, religious as well as political," of a people who in their little sphere have shown a genius so "perfidious," and revolutions so violent. We shall judge of Mr. Wright's impartiality, when he has told the story of the Covenanters and the Jacobites, as well as of Queen Mary, with the help of his original materials.

Lady Selina Clifford; a Novel. Edited by Lady Dormer. Bentley.

THE term 'edited' is so vague, and admits of such curious interpretations, that it is idle for us to speculate on the share Lady Dormer has taken in this work. As, however, it professes to be a novel of fashionable life, the *imprimatur* of a real 'person of quality' gives it an authority which should silence the objections of critics; otherwise we might venture to hint that in several respects the book is somewhat vulgar. But as Lady Dormer 'ought to know,' we are dumb. Lady Selina Clifford is an heiress more lovely and amiable than the heiresses we happen to have encountered, but differing from the heiresses who usually move through novels, inasmuch as she is not absolutely perfect, but has her little natural failings which endear her to us, together with a sarcastic liveliness which makes her amusing. The story is of her secret love for Lord Litchfield, who is grave, mysterious, melancholy—mourning the unhappiness of his first wife, and so doubtful of his own powers of securing a woman's heart, that although loving Lady Selina, he determines to marry Matilda Leslie, by whom he is accepted, in obedience to her father's commands. Herein you perceive the unsmoothness of this 'course of true love,' and may imagine the delays and sorrows which fill up the gap between the opening and *dénouement*. Matilda, who is a Catholic, has fallen in love with her brother's tutor—a priest! and at the eleventh hour refuses to fulfil her engagement with Lord Litchfield, whom she hands over to her dear friend Lady Selina. This not very new subject is handled in a not very new manner. But the book is inoffensive, and is neither better nor worse than the average of fashionable stories.

Fortification: for Officers of the Army, and Students of Military History. By Lieutenant Henry Yule, Bengal Engineer. Blackwood.

WHETHER as a scientific treatise, or as a literary composition, this work deserves high praise. In the latter aspect we chiefly form our opinion of its merit; but we may observe, with reference to its value as a treatise on fortification, that it contains a most complete and comprehensive account both of the principles and practice of this department of the art of war, and it has been already adopted as the text-book at one of the best conducted schools

in Great Britain—the Scottish Naval and Military Academy at Edinburgh. References are given to larger works for those who wish to study the subject in greater detail; but as an elementary and general treatise, this will be found excellent, and to most military men, not engineers, amply sufficient. Mr. Yule wisely considered that "an attempt should be made to give something of life-like interest to a study which is too often vaguely regarded by soldiers as a dim compound of strange angular diagrams and technical jargon." So far has he been successful in this attempt, that we have read a truly scientific treatise on fortification, with the same interest with which we might read any popular account in history of the battles of Marlborough, Napoleon, or Wellington. Each chapter is copiously illustrated by biographical and historical notices, and many other lessons are presented to the military student, besides the mere instruction in the arts of defence and attack. Names familiar in European history are introduced in support of the author's statements; and the volume is enhanced in value by diagrams and plates, and also by a series of portraits of such masters in the art of war as Gustavus Adolphus, Sully, Van Coehorn, René Marquis of Montalembert, and De Vauban. These portraits are executed in a style deserving special praise, by Messrs. Scheuk and Macfarlane, lithographers at Edinburgh. The biographical notices in the appendix are carefully and correctly compiled, and some of the sketches, as of Sir Francis Vere, and Peter Navarre, more full than could be easily met with elsewhere. The glossary of military terms is an acceptable addition to those who read the book merely 'as students of military history,' although the author says, "that from his own experience, soldiers themselves must have often found the want of a concise vocabulary of this nature." We have no doubt that Mr. Yule's treatise will be widely popular and useful in his own profession, causing greater interest to be taken in a subject to which, from the manner in which it has been generally taught or written about, few have given due attention, except under compulsion of the regulations of the Horse Guards or the India House.

Poems and Essays; a Book for the Times. By Dalmocand. Partridge and Oakley.

DALMOCAND, we take it, is a modest but transparent disguise for Macdonald; the author, as he tells us in the preface, of "poems and essays, which have already appeared, in periodicals, partly on each side of the Tweed, some of the former, it is found, re-appearing in Australia." They are now "submitted to the public in a collected form, humbly dedicated to the cause of individual and social improvement." Dalmocand's productions are very poor, even though they may have charmed the Antipodes, and the author will find it is a very different thing to have some lines reprinted in a Sydney newspaper, from issuing a collected edition of poems and essays from Paternoster-row to the English public. Some of the essays contain sound truth, though commonplace both in subject and style, but the poetry is miserable, not one piece rising to mediocrity. The paper, printing, and binding, are all that could be wished.

Observations on Heraldry. By Philip Silbert Hamerton. Churton.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ridicule of satirists, and the contempt of philosophers, the study of Heraldry will long occupy a high place among liberal pursuits. Besides the genealogical and legal bearings of the subject, Heraldry stands in such relations to history, archæology, and to general literature, that it has an interest to many who understand little of its technicalities and details. Mr. Hamerton considers that the abstruseness and difficulty which repel most inquirers possessed of ordinary patience, memory, and common sense, belong to Heraldry only as an art, not as a science. To separate the science from the art, the principles from the details of 'the knowledge of arms,' is the author's aim in this volume. "Experience," he says, "has taught me what kind of instruction would be best for those whose taste leads them to seek other knowledge than the dogmas of professed heralds, and I

have written such a little book as would have been most acceptable to myself when I stood doubting on the threshold of this old-world science." To those who only wish some insight into the subject as a department of liberal study, Mr. Hamerton's treatise will afford all the information most worthy of being known and remembered. His great object, he says, "is to make Heraldry rather an antiquarian pursuit than a fashionable vehicle of pride." The remarks on the exaggerated importance frequently given to the art, and the strictures alike on family pride and *bourgeois* vanity, are just and amusing. Few authorities on Heraldry have written, on the whole, with more good sense; yet sometimes, led away with enthusiasm for his subject, he lets slip such sentiments as, in speaking of "the right to arms," that "it is much to be lamented that there is no law against the assumption of armorial bearings," and that "it is to be wished that it were generally known who are gentlemen and who are not." As an introduction to the study of Heraldry, Mr. Hamerton's 'Observations' afford information clear, concise, and correct.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnold's *Historia Antiqua*, fifth edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Bacon's (Rev. H. B.) *Lectures for Use of Sick Persons*, 4s. 6d.
Blake's *Scholar's Companion and Fire-Side Reader*, 1s. 6d.
Brown's *History of Classical Literature*, 2 vols., cl., 28s.
Chambers's *Educational Works: Horace*, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Companions of My Solitude, second edition, 12mo, cl., 6s.
Conviction; a Tale, by B. Clarke, Esq., 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Cruden's *Concordance*, new edition, by Eadie, cloth, 5s.
Cumming's (Rev. J.) *Christ Receiving Sinners*, cl., 2s. 6d.
Devout Musings in the Book of Psalms, 2 vols., cloth, 5s.
Dickinson's (J.) *Flora of Liverpool*, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
England before the Norman Conquest, 18mo, cl., 2s. 6d.
Glen's (W. C.) *Act Relating to the Relief of the Poor*, 2s. 6d.
Handbook of Switzerland, new edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s.
Homer's *Iliad*, Books 1, 6, 20, and 24, by J. Fergusson, 3s. 6d.
Household Words, Vol. 3, royal 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
Jackson's *Sinfulness of Little Sins*, fifth edition, 3s. 6d.
Jebb's (Rev. J.) *Life*, by the Rev. C. Forster, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Knapp's (Dr. F.) *Chemical Technology*, 8vo, 22s.
Latham's (R. G.) *Man and His Migrations*, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
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THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

OUR summary of the intelligence received by the Admiralty during the last two weeks has placed before our readers the last page in the history of the searching Arctic Expeditions, and we should be wanting in our duty as faithful journalists, were we to allow this to be closed without pronouncing an opinion upon it. Although the despatches of Captains Austin and Penny reflect as usual the highest credit on those who set forth, in the cause of humanity, on enterprises which are little short of marvellous, there is unhappily much room for criticism, much even for censure.

Regardless of expense, and with the advantage of the accumulated experience of many years, two Expeditions were dispatched last year by the Admiralty to Barrow's Straits, for the purpose of seeking our long lost countrymen. The command was given to men in whom the highest confidence was reposed, and whose reputation was a guarantee that nothing would be left undone to attain the great object in view. Of the six vessels composing these expeditions, two were steamers, admirably calculated for navigating icy seas, and found to answer every expectation entertained of their

powers. The officers and crews were men alike fitted for enterprise and endurance, and the entire equipment of the expeditions was such as to justify the most sanguine expectations. When the startling intelligence reached England last year that presumed traces of Franklin's expedition had been discovered on Cape Riley, and that the searching ships were actively engaged in following up those traces, we looked forward to the discovery of poor Franklin, living or dead, as a matter of great probability, if not of certainty. And we felt assured that the promising field marked by his footsteps would not be forsaken until every part of it had been thoroughly explored. Yet it has been forsaken. For without furnishing us with any justifying reasons, Captain Austin, in whom our chiefest hopes centered, because in his hands were placed the strongest means of search, turns his back on the only part of the Arctic Ocean which has yielded any fruits, and unhesitatingly asserts "that he will not prosecute a further search in those directions,"—alluding to Wellington Channel,—"even if practicable."

Let us look a little more closely at the position of the case. Sir John Franklin was sent out to discover the so-called North-West passage. That is, he was ordered to penetrate Barrow's Straits, and to pass from them to Behring's Straits, between which a passage for ships has long been supposed to exist. Had he been favoured by open water, and such as Captain Parry experienced in his celebrated voyage in 1819-20 to Melville Island—and such a passage as we have alluded to really exists—the task proscribed to Sir John Franklin might have been accomplished in two seasons. But although the well-known enterprise of that gallant officer, backed as it was—and, let us hope, is still—by his excellent Captains, Crozier and Fitzjames, would, doubtless, cause him to spend more than two years in the endeavour to advance to the longed-for goal, yet at the expiration of three years, success, or the unhappy alternative of his return to England by the same route which he pursued in his outward voyage, was regarded as certain. Years, however, passed without bringing tidings of our adventurous countrymen; and as our Arctic expeditions have been attended with a singularly small amount of mortality, and with few disasters in the ice, the belief that the two ships had foundered in Baffin's Bay, where they were last seen, rapidly gained ground, and there were not a few who boldly declared that we should never hear of them again. This terrible conclusion became strengthened when the northern and southern shores of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits were swept by whaling ships, and more particularly by Sir James Ross's expedition, without finding the slightest vestige of the *Erebus* or *Terror*, and it is well known that it was not without much entreaty that the Admiralty resolved on making another attempt to find the lost expedition. The success of that attempt, though confined in the first instance to the discovery of the traces at the entrance to Wellington Channel, disposed for ever of the alarmist's conclusion as to the foundering of the ships in Baffin's Bay, and it established beyond doubt that they had passed across that Bay, entered Lancaster Sound, and had arrived at Wellington Channel, where they had passed their first winter, as we now learn, under prosperous circumstances, dimmed only by the casual death of three of the crew. Had it been otherwise, Franklin would undoubtedly have left written documents in conspicuous places. That he did not leave any record of his intentions is greatly to be lamented; but we cannot too strongly insist on the fact that, in the absence of any written memorials, we are warranted in drawing the most favourable conclusions respecting the safety of the party. Thus, then, we know that the voyage to Wellington Channel was accomplished in safety, and it is therefore only from this point that our speculations concerning them commence. And that we may arrive the more reasonably at our conclusions respecting their further progress and proceedings, let us look, in our present ignorance of the actual route which they followed, at those which they did not take.

Sir John Franklin was directed to pass through Barrow's Straits, until he reached the longitude of 98° west, where Cape Walker is situated, and from that point he was instructed to use every effort to penetrate to the southward and westward, in a course as direct towards Behring's Straits as possible; but should this be impracticable, and if on passing Wellington Channel that sea and those near it be found open and clear of ice, he is desired to consider well whether the above channel may not offer the most desirable passage to the north-west. In short, failing to penetrate due west by Cape Walker, the Wellington Channel route must have been his only alternative, and it therefore becomes a matter of the clearest logical deduction that if we fail in finding him or his traces at or near Cape Walker, they must be found in Wellington Channel. And this is the more conclusive, because Sir John Franklin was expressly ordered to leave despatches at Cape Walker in some conspicuous locality. This he would most assuredly have done had he visited that headland; and as it has been examined and found barren of all information, what can be deduced but that Franklin did not succeed in reaching Cape Walker, and that he therefore turned his attention to the more hopeful passage through Wellington Channel? Not only has Cape Walker been explored, but the coast beyond it, as far as 103° 25' west longitude, has been carefully examined by Lieutenant Osborne; and several parties searched the northern shores, between Cape Hotham and Melville Island, without discovering any indications of the missing expedition. Sir John Franklin, it is clear, from these circumstances, did not take the Cape Walker route, and as no retreating traces of him have been discovered to the east of Wellington Channel, all expectations of finding him necessarily centre in that locality.

But apart from his official directions—and this is of no little importance—it is well known that Sir John Franklin had a strong inclination to try Wellington Channel. Since the period of its discovery by Captain Parry, when, sailing twice past its entrance, he descried open water as far as the eye could reach on both occasions, it has always been held by arctic authorities, that the *veritas questio* of the North-West passage could never be regarded as being settled until Wellington Channel had been explored. Such being the opinion when this hopeful locality was known only to a limited extent, how greatly is our interest respecting it increased by Captain Penny's recent discoveries. Advancing in a north-west direction along the eastern coast of Cornwallis Island, to the upper part of Wellington Channel, "what was our astonishment," he says, "to open out another strait, in which was twenty-five miles of clear water, an island bearing W. half S. distant forty miles, a headland, distant fifteen W. by N., the dark sky over which indicated the presence of water." This noble channel, to which Captain Penny gave the name of Victoria, was explored as far as 76° 45' north latitude, embracing 310 miles of coast line, "when," says Captain Penny, "our provisions being within eight days of being consumed, and our distance from the ships such as prudence would not warrant further perseverance, we commenced our return." This exploration reflects the highest credit on Captain Penny, for it was effected by means of an open boat only constructed for the purpose.

We now come to that part of our history when Captain Austin's extraordinary conduct is first apparent. The new channel was discovered by Captain Penny on the 13th May, when further progress being prevented by water, he was under the necessity, being only provided with sledges, of returning to his ships. On the 23d May he reached Captain Austin's ship, the *Resolute*, the purpose of his visit evidently being to announce his important discovery, and to solicit aid to explore it. Under the above date, Captain Austin records, "Captain Penny reached the *Resolute*, and made known to me that he had discovered a large space of water up Wellington Strait, commencing about seventy miles north-west by north of Cape Hotham." "I much regretted," he

add, "that our remaining strength did not admit of my placing at his disposal sufficient aid to convey a boat, that he might ascertain its nature and extent." At this date, the sledge parties belonging to Captain Austin's expedition had not returned from their expedition, and we can therefore comprehend Captain Austin's disinclination at that period to grant Captain Penny any assistance. But when his officers and men returned, which they did in the middle of summer,—the last party having reached their ships on the 4th July, in safety and good health,—why, in the name of humanity, did not Captain Austin detach one of his steamers at the first opportunity,—both of them being, we may observe, according to his own statement, in good order,—to explore Victoria Channel! Even when Captain Penny's boat voyage had been attended with such signal exploring success, the same inexplicable apathy is apparent in Captain Austin's conduct, for he tells us he would not, 'even if practicable,' prosecute a further search in Victoria Channel.

True to his word, he weighs anchor, and steers for Jones' Sound. What Captain Penny's feelings were upon seeing the steamers depart, we may imagine. That he had strong hopes of finding the missing expedition in Victoria Channel is evident; for, as the public have been already informed, he is earnestly soliciting the Admiralty to give him a steamer immediately for the purpose of following up his search. It is extremely probable that success would attend his exertions. The open nature of the Channel is highly in favour of the supposition that Franklin sailed up it, and, meeting with no check, attained a high northern latitude. Can it be said, under any circumstances, that he did not sail up that Channel, until it has been searched to its extremity? Had this been done last year, our anxiety might now be at an end, and, what is of more consequence, our unfortunate countrymen might have been rescued from their terrible fate. It is, at all events, extremely vexatious to find that in the chief discoveries which have been made, the steamers, from which so much was expected, took no part; and when it is remembered that we are indebted to a small boat for so much geographical information, it is not too much to say, that had Captain Penny been provided with one of Captain Austin's steamers, the whole of Victoria Channel—and perhaps a Polar sea—might now be marked on our charts.

HUDSON'S BAY.

In the spring of 1848, Messrs. Blackwood published a lively book of travels, entitled, 'Hudson's Bay; or, Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America,' by R. M. Ballantyne. It was described in the *Literary Gazette*, April 8, of that year, as the work of a smart intelligent young Scotchman, sent out as an apprentice to the Hudson's Bay Company, after spending six years in their territory; and the author's account of a farewell dinner with the Directors at Gravesend impressed the reviewer (who may have been present at the dinner also) with a favourable opinion of the youngster's talent and veracity. The *Literary Gazette* of that date appears to have reached the Hudson's Bay Company's territory some time before Mr. Ballantyne's book. Though more than three years have elapsed since its publication, the following letter, which is but just to hand, after being ten months on its passage, may be printed as a warning to travellers:—

"Fort Simpson, Mackenzie's River,
Hudson's Bay Co. Territory,
28th Nov., 1850.

"Will you permit me, in your valuable and widely circulated Journal, to offer a few remarks on Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's work upon Hudson's Bay, noticed in April, 1848, and in which I am personally concerned. I am aware that, at this late period, and perhaps also from the large sale of the work, it may be useless for me now to speak; but my excuse for not mentioning the affair sooner is, that I had, in my retired and secluded position, no opportunity of reading the work, which I only obtained a sight of in August last.

"At page 120 Mr. Ballantyne thus says:—'At these posts the Indians are frequently reduced to cannibalism, and the Company's people have, on more than one occasion, been obliged to eat their beaver skins! The beaver skin is thick and oily; so that when the fur is burnt off, and the skin well boiled, it makes a kind of soup, that will at least keep one alive. This was the case one winter in Peel's River, a post within the Arctic Circle, in charge of Mr. Bell, a chief trader in the service, and I remember well reading in one of his letters, that all the fresh provision they had been able to procure during the winter was 'two squirrels and one crow!' During this time they had existed on a quantity of dried meat which they fortunately had in store, and they were obliged to lock the gates of the Fort, to preserve the remainder from the wretched Indians, who were eating each other outside of the walls. The cause of all this misery was the entire failure of the fisheries, together with the scarcity of wild animals. Starvation is quite common among the Indians of those distant regions; and the scraped rocks, divested of their covering of tripe-de-Roche (which resembles dried-up sea-weed), have a sad meaning and melancholy appearance to the traveller who journeys through the wilds and solitudes of Rupert's Land.'

"Would you credit me, Mr. Editor, if I told you that this account of Peel's River starvation, so circumstantially related, had never any existence except in the author's brain! Yet such is the case. I never have corresponded with Mr. Ballantyne during that gentleman's brief sojourn in the country; and I here distinctly deny that I ever wrote what he so 'well remembers' having read. During my residence at Peel's River, neither the Indians nor the people under my command suffered any privations except those peculiar to these savage climes, and certainly none from want of food, of which I have always had, thank God, an ample sufficiency. From the whole tenor of the passage which I have quoted, the public would be led into the belief that cannibalism was a common occurrence among the natives of this country, which it is not, although I acknowledge that several melancholy cases have occurred; and the concluding sentence, however euphonious or rounded an ending it may be to the paragraph, exists more in the imagination of Mr. Ballantyne than in reality.

"In conclusion, I may say, that 'Hudson's Bay' is a work written more from hearsay than from experience, of which the author could have little, as his stay in the territory was short, and his residence was at the civilized posts, where real 'North-West' life is little seen. No circumstance would point out Mr. Ballantyne to a woodsman as a sciolist more quickly than his account of a bear roaming about in the winter, as in his account of Mr. Cumming's adventure; for it is well known that those animals at that season of the year are enjoying a comfortable nap in their washes or holes. But the fact is, that the little true knowledge which he has acquired from hearsay of the distant parts of the country, acting upon an ardent imagination, has produced this curious mixture of 'romance and reality' entitled 'Hudson's Bay,' which people may read for amusement, but scarcely for information.

"JOHN BELL."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sept. 25.

THE present government of France, to its honour be it said, seems to be in real earnest in its efforts to destroy the great evil of literary piracy; and whether it succeeds or not, it will deserve the gratitude of literary Christendom. It has now commenced an attack on the great centre of European piracy, Belgium; and it is not without hopes that it will succeed in extirpating it. A treaty of commerce between the two countries is about to expire; and the Belgians have demanded the renewal of it, as it secures them great advantages in the disposal of their zinc, and coal, and iron, the occupation of their shipping, &c. "Oh!" says the French government, "we shall be enchanted to oblige you, good neighbours, but you must really put an end to the scandalous piracy of the works

of our authors." "Eh!" cry the *braves Belges*, "what have books to do with iron? What are authors in comparison to iron-masters? When we take care of coal-owners, what need is there to plague ourselves about publishers? Who cares for such fellows?" "Why, my good sirs, people now-a-days have got the notion that books are as important as bales of cotton, or cart-loads of coal, and that the producers of them are as much entitled to protection as the cotton-spinner or the pitman." "Oh," groan the subjects of Leopold—"oh! what a thing it is to live in revolutionary times!" "Well, but neighbours," says the French government, "you must admit that the writing and the printing of books is as much a branch of commerce as the smelting of iron or the making of Mechlin lace, and that they have as much right to be protected." "We don't see that at all; besides, to put down the piracy of your books would ruin some of our publishers and printers." "And to continue it subjects our authors, and printers, and publishers, and stationers, and bookbinders, and typefounders, to immense loss annually. We must have it stopped—that is positive." "Now, come—you are not really in earnest!" "Oh, but we are, though!" "What! you don't mean to say seriously that you take to heart the interests of poor authors as much as those of a manufacturer? Compare a scribbling fellow to a man who owns mills and pays taxes—pshaw! the thing is absurd!" "Absurd or not, Messieurs les Belges, you will put an end to the robbery of our authors and publishers, or—keep your coal and iron." "Goodness gracious! To make the renewal of a commercial treaty depend on such a humbug thing as literature!" "We do so, gentlemen, and will leave you to reflect:—protect our books—or, no treaty! Good morning!"

If the French shall be successful in annihilating the piracy of the Belgians, the English government must, for very shame, make an energetic attack on that of the Americans; and when the nuisance is put down in Belgium and the United States, it can easily be suppressed everywhere else. It is deeply to be regretted that the English government does not warmly second the French cabinet in its righteous crusade. The two together would be able to beat down all resistance. Are the English ministers aware of the immense loss which the hateful system causes to the country? It is not, they should remember, only a handful of authors and publishers who are interested—though if they stood alone, there is no good reason why they should be refused protection which would be unhesitatingly extended to the like number of Manchester manufacturers; but it is the numerous trades which are dependent directly or indirectly on literature. Every book pirated is so much loss of labour to paper-makers, compositors, and others in our own country. Tens of thousands of pounds go annually to foreign workmen which might easily be secured for those of England. And besides, the piracy system, by diminishing the publisher's sale, compels him to enhance the price of his work, and consequently an unnecessary tax is imposed on the whole reading community.

The treaty between Sardinia and France for the mutual protection of literary property, entered into some time ago, has already produced good effects. The French publishers, determined that it shall be fully carried out, have gone to the expense of sending a delegate to Turin to watch over its execution; and a few days back, this gentleman, hearing that some packages of pirated works had been introduced from Belgium by five booksellers of that city, gave information to the police; the shops were immediately searched, and the pirated volumes being found, were confiscated, and a prosecution was commenced against the offenders.

The French publishers, as I told you a long time ago, are determined not to rest until the *contre-façon littéraire* shall be entirely suppressed. Not only have they sent agents to all the principal cities of Europe to get their publishing brethren to aid them in their undertaking, but they have resolved to call on the National Assembly of this country to declare piracy illegal in France. In the

reprinting of foreign works in France they are perfectly disinterested—it does not affect them in any shape or way; and their appeal to the Assembly must consequently, they tell us, be considered, first, as a demonstration in favour of public morality, which they think is injured; and next, as an earnest of their good will to their foreign *confrères*. There is, however, no doubt that if the French parliament should decree the suppression of piracy within its own territory, without first stipulating for a similar measure from other parliaments and governments, an immense moral effect would be produced, which would sooner or later tell in favour of the French.

The Scientific Congress at Orleans has terminated its sittings for the present year. The remark made in my last on the first portion of them will apply to the latter—they were singularly unimportant. The proceedings in fact have been almost exclusively French, and the discussions of scientific matters have been of not the slightest general interest. Disquisitions on the origin of the French *bourgeoisie*, on the residences of the Romans in Central Gaul, on certain old abbeys, on agricultural chemistry and on agriculture, on philology, on botany, on medical matters, and so on—such was the petty business, and it was treated in a very petty sort of way. In the union of a few small provincial associations of different kinds—scientific, medical, archæological, agricultural, and literary—we should have had the very same subjects discussed in the very same style; but from the National Scientific Congress of France, in its great annual meeting, something better was to have been expected.

VARIETIES.

An impudent Puff.—We have authority for stating that a paragraph in the *American Evening Post*, which has been made the subject of an article in a recent Number of the *New York Literary World*, and from which the following is extracted, is an impudent fabrication:—

"One of the daily journals of last week, the *Evening Post*, announces, as by authority, that Messrs. Stringer and Townsend, the proprietors of the *International Monthly Magazine*, have contracted to pay to Mr. Charles Dickens the sum of 4000 dollars for the sheets of his new serial work about to be published in England. We feel obliged to Messrs. Stringer and Townsend for this concession to the claims of copyright. Four thousand dollars is a very handsome advance for a novel; and is something in the nature of a pretty good sized loaf presented to the English author in the stead of the stone with which he has been heretofore comforted; and we do not mean to be the last to proclaim this pricking of the publishing conscience, or rather this unloosing of the publishing purse-strings. Four thousand dollars—we dwell on it a little—is a snug sum—equal to four thousand acres of good arable land in the Western country. But we are seized with a doubt whether the aforesaid four thousand dollars could not have been otherwise invested with as profitable, and at least as promising, a result. For four thousand dollars we fancy Messrs. Stringer and Townsend could easily go into the American market and purchase at least forty, perhaps eighty, novels: *i. e.*, at the rate at which we understand they are commonly quoted, fifty dollars per MS. We would not engage that the quality would be quite equal to the produce of the author of 'Nickleby'; but in quantity we are confident our townsmen and fellow-citizens would not give out."

The Adelphi Theatre.—The departure of Madame Celeste, whose leave-taking was publicly accompanied by the substantial adieus of her brother and sister performers, has been the means of bringing a pleasing and deserving actress, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, into more prominent notice. In the revival of the well-constructed drama of *Giralda, or the Miller's Wife*, a marked improvement is observable in this young lady's style of performing. She acts with more animation, has an intelligent bearing, enunciates her words with clearness in the right place and at the right time, and her deportment is characterised by a neatness and propriety not commonly to be found in the region of melodrama. She is well, and we may add tenderly, supported by Mr. Parselle, in whom we are glad to welcome a gentleman and a cavalier, but she has insufficient scope for her pretty ballads or for duets. When we call to mind the many lively songs and dances that were executed on these boards some fifteen years ago by her mother, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and the late Mr. John Reeve, under the management of Mr. Yates, it is much to be deplored that the low comedy actors have little to

depend upon at this house but the absurdities of dress and the utterance of coarse jokes, intended for indecent interpretation. We must, however, except Mr. Paul Bedford in these remarks. Whether it is that he refines with age, or that Mr. Wright and his substitute have taken the shine out of his vulgarity, we cannot say. Certain it is, that his acting in *Giralda* and in *Good Night, Signor Pantaloni*, is in the best vein of comedy. This last-named piece, with Miss Woolgar as the little powdered gentleman in the basket, and Miss Fitzwilliam as *Columbine*, is played to perfection, and a long and difficult trio is admirably sung. The performances of the past week have also been varied by the appearance of a newly-imported American actor, Mr. Josh. Spilsbee, in the part of a *Yankee Ploughboy*. He possesses considerable qualifications for a low comedian. His Yankeeisms were uttered with quaintness, and elicited roars of laughter. Here again, however, we must remonstrate against the excessive coarseness and vulgarity of the part; it is a reiteration of broad slang and irreverent jokes from beginning to end. As Dogberry would say, "it is most tolerable, and not to be endured."

Mr. James Richardson.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. James Richardson, the enterprising African traveller. This melancholy event took place on the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou. Early in January he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Damergou, when, after remaining a few days, they separated; Dr. Barth proceeding to Kanu, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka by Zindar. There it would seem his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days' distance from Kouka he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarrua, he halted for three days, and feeling himself rather refreshed, he renewed his journey. After two days' more travelling, during which his weakness greatly increased, they arrived at the Waddy Mellaha. Leaving this place on the 3rd of March, they reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep, but became very restless, and left his tent supported by his servant. He then took some tea, and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had not strength to hold it. He repeated several times, "I have no strength," and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply, and expired without a struggle about two hours after midnight. Early in the morning the body, wrapped in linen and covered with a carpet, was borne to a grave which was dug four feet deep under the shade of a large tree close to the village, followed by all the principal sheiks and people of the district. The Sultan of Bornou has given orders that all respect and honour shall be paid to the grave of the ill-fated British traveller.—*Malta Times*.

Literary Discovery.—We learn from Hanover that in the course of a revision of the archives of Celli, a box has been found containing a collection of important documents from the thirty years' war—viz., part of the private correspondence of Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneburg, with drafts of his own epistles, and original letters from Pappenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, and Piccolomini.

Charleston Medical College.—We are glad to learn that the Charleston Medical College has established a Professorship of Comparative Anatomy; not a nominal one, like that created at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city a few years ago, but a real *bona fide* professorial chair, with an annual course of lectures. The place has been offered to the distinguished zoologist, Agassiz, and we understand that he has accepted it. This movement is a real advance in the system of medical instruction in America, and the addition of Agassiz to the already powerful faculty of the Charleston

school, will enable that college to offer facilities for thorough medical education, not surpassed by any other institution in the United States.—*New York Literary World*.

Fête Inscriptions.—The following inscriptions and mottoes, published in the *Brussels Herald*, as being selected to figure among the decorations of that city during the approaching fêtes, mark a degree of intelligence among the people which it would be well to imitate, on illumination occasions, in place of the oft-repeated V.R., P.A., P.W., &c.

"Discovery of diamond cutting, by Louis de Berken, or Berquen, of Bruges, about 1540.

First working of a coal mine, at Liège, from 1196 to 1213.

Foundation of the first Exchange at Bruges, 14th century.

Discovery of the process of barrelling herrings in 1408, made by Gilles Beukels van Heughenvliet and Jacques Kien, of Ostend.

Discovery of the manufacture of lace, previous to the 16th century.

Discovery of oil painting by John Van Eyck, about 1410.

Greek type first made use of, by Thierry Martens, of Alost, in 1501.

Discovery of the Azores, by the Flemish, in 1449.

Discovery of the Mississippi, by P. Hennepin, of Ath, in 1680.

First Code of maritime laws drawn up at Damme, 12th or 13th century.

Chimes invented at Alost, in 1487.

Construction of the machine of Marly (a wonderful hydrostatic invention), by Suallem Renkin, or Rannekin, of Liège, 17th century.

Improvements in the engraving of medals and coins, by Jean Warin, of Liège, 17th century.

Mercator and Ortelius, geographers, 17th century.

Discovery of the decimal system and a great number of important discoveries in statistics and hydrostatics, by Simon Stevin, of Bruges, 15th and 16th centuries.

Discovery of the island of Madagascar, by Gerard Leroy, a Fleming, 15th century.

Construction of the first blast-furnaces for converting ore into cast iron.

First commercial school founded at Paris by Belgians, in 1763.

Cotton spinning machines first brought over to the continent, by Lievin Bauwers, of Ghent, in 1798.

The first manufactories of fine cloths established in Limbourg, 1714.

Discovery of the process of gilding leather, at Malines, 15th century.

The first continental network of railways constructed in Belgium, 1834.

Discovery of gas for burning, by Minkellers, professor of chemistry at the University of Louvain, 1784.

Introduction of a modern penitentiary system, by Viscount Vilain XIII, 1771."

The Crystal Palace.—Some time since we referred to the good-natured simplicity of the public in allowing the huge Wellington Statue to be raised to the top of the arch, "just to see how it looked," in opposition to the opinions of all competent judges, as a warning not tacitly to allow the Crystal Palace to be pulled down. Our contemporary *Punch* has a smart satire in the following lines:—

"The Duke on the Arch was raised, in spite
Of all that the world could say;
And because he stands on an awkward site,
We of course shall let him stay.

"The Palace of Glass is so much admired,
Both in Country and in Town,
That its maintenance is by all desired:
So we mean to pull it down."

Nursery Literature.—The cruel and unprincipled things sung or said to young children in so many of our popular nursery rhymes and tales, are something quite surprising. Take the song of 'Little Jack Horner'—does it not inculcate selfishness or greediness? or, at best, it causes those vices to be regarded with leniency and levity:—

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie!
He put in his thumb,
And he pull'd out a plum,
And cried, 'What a good boy am I!'"

It may be said that the view he takes of his own goodness, or bravery, in this exploit, is only meant to be humorous, and in a way that children understand; and we have also heard it suggested that Master Horner had, perhaps, really been a good boy, and that this pie, so renowned for its 'plum,' was the reward of merit. Admitting all this as possible, the fact of his sly and selfish greediness in getting up into a corner to enjoy his pie alone, is not to be controverted.—*Household Words*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S.—We regret that we cannot afford space for any further contributions of Persian poetry.
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